MARCH 31, 1980

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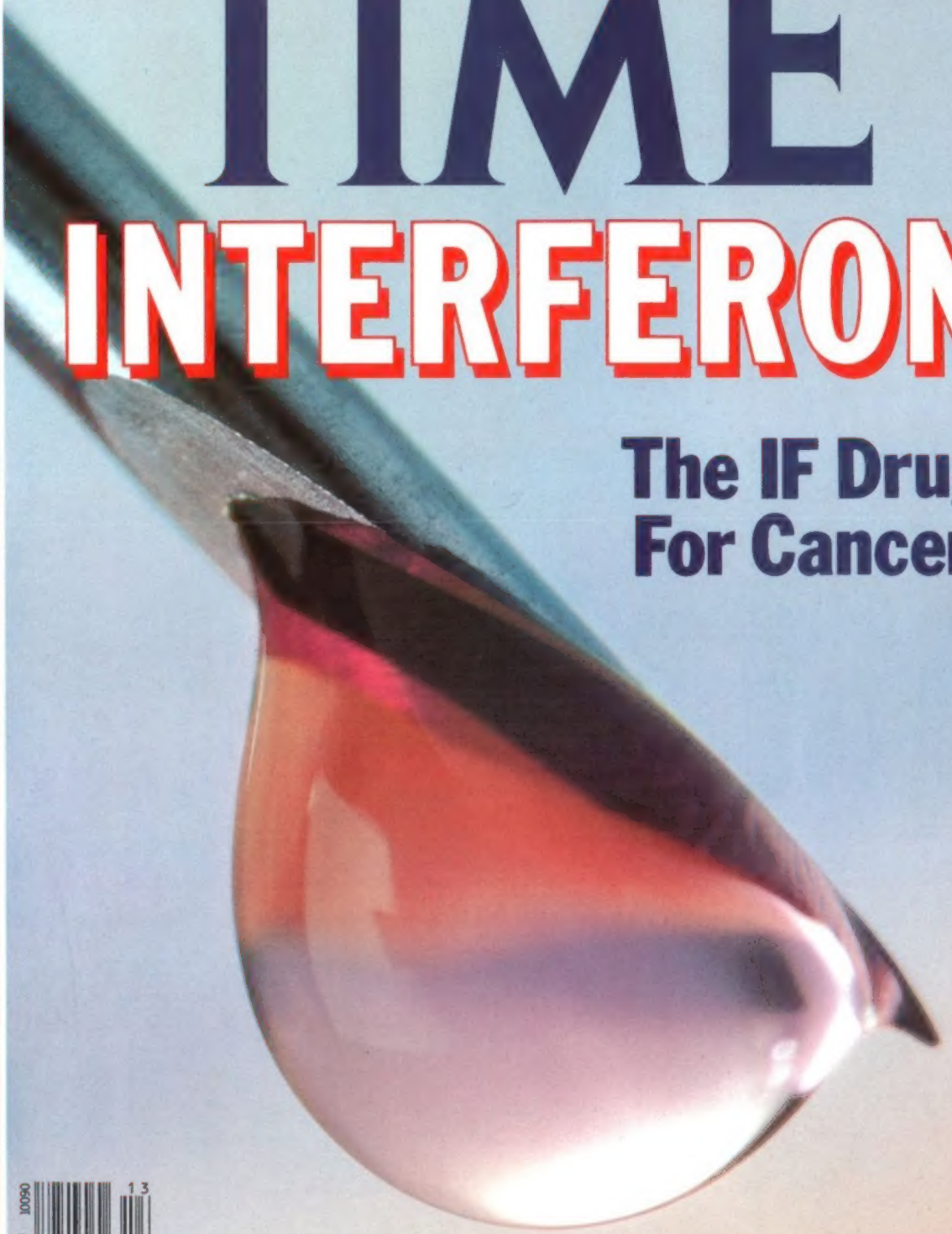
TIME

INTERFERON

The IF Drug For Cancer



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MARCH 31, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 13 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

As the writer of TIME's Medicine section, Anastasia Toufexis often finds herself trying to elucidate medical matters that scientists themselves are hard-pressed to explain. Says she: "The stock response to a science journalist's question seems to be, 'If I knew that, I'd have one foot on the boat to Sweden' —to pick up a Nobel Prize." Unanswered questions were a large and tantalizing part of Toufexis' work on this week's cover story on interferon, a substance that researchers feel may be helpful both in the treatment of cancer and in understanding its mechanism. The story was edited by Senior Editor Leon Jaroff. Cancer research is one of the most delicate subjects a medical reporter handles, observes Toufexis: "You don't want to offer readers an unrealistic hope, but you do want to bring progress to light. Interferon is progress."

ANTONIO SUAREZ

Adrianne Jucius and Anastasia Toufexis

Toufexis began her science career as a pre-med major at Smith College, though she insists, "I never wanted to be a doctor. I just liked the basic science curriculum." A staff writer for a physicians' newspaper before joining TIME in 1978, she has been practicing medical journalism for ten years, despite what she describes as a nagging professional handicap: her first name. "My friends and contacts at hospitals and research facilities sometimes fail to return phone calls," she laments. "They don't want to talk to the Anesthesia Department."

Toufexis' struggle to pin down details of the interferon story was made smoother by Adrianne Jucius, whose academic background in biological sciences and experience in hospitals and in medical research have been put to constant use during her three years as TIME's Medicine reporter-researcher. Jucius, who has worked on previous cover stories on recombinant DNA (April 18, 1977), the first test-tube baby (July 31, 1978) and the escalating costs of American health care (May 28, 1979), found this week's assignment one of the most poignant of her career. "Like many people," she says, "I have suffered with friends dying of cancer. Whether or not interferon proves to be significant in cancer therapy, you can't help being moved by the resources and enormous intelligence now going into the study of it. That God-given capacity to inquire and learn is our greatest source of hope."

John a. Meyers

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Letters

Reagan's Race

To the Editors:

There's no doubt that the voters will go to the polls in November and elect the candidate with the most common sense: Ronald Reagan [March 10].

Michael Parsons
Akron

Any one of the Republicans who have been trying to get the hardest job in the country would be a better President than Carter or Kennedy. However, the best chance for the U.S. lies in Ronald Reagan. A Reagan-Baker ticket would put us in good hands.

June Lovitt
Pasadena, Calif.

Reagan may be the man for the '80s, but did your cover artist have to make him look 80?

Arnold Thurm
Stamford, Conn.

I hope Mr. Reagan is not serious when he says, "We don't care if they like us or not. We intend to be respected throughout the world." History is only too full of disasters that have befallen nations, leaders and mankind in general, when such ideas have been carried to their extreme.

Anupam K. Garg
Ithaca, N.Y.

How to Battle Inflation

Please inform that senior Administration official who says he does not know what causes inflation or what to do about it [March 10] that the federal deficit is the basic cause, and the cure is balancing the budget.

Willis A. Mitchell
Bay Village, Ohio

Suggestions already being made to balance the budget are designed to make the poor and the elderly the sacrificial lambs. The proper order of reductions should be as follows: all forms of subsidies, hidden and otherwise, for the benefit of business should be ended. All farm subsidies should be eliminated. Once these cuts have been made, it is time to step in and cut all forms of welfare, housing subsidies, etc. Programs should be reformed so that no one will find it easier to stay on welfare than hustle for a job. All forms of tax shelters that do not bear directly on legitimate investment in productive enterprise should be the next items to be eliminated.

Then, if we can get the fat out of the bureaucracy, stop the spending for luxurious offices, private dining rooms, etc., we will have a budget in surplus and the bubble of inflation will burst.

Murray Katz
Miami

A freeze on prices and wages was necessary yesterday, not tomorrow. Along with a wage and price freeze should be a mandatory 20% rollback of prices and a 15% rollback of wages to those existing on Jan. 1, 1980.

John H. Walsh
Temple, Texas

Breeding Nobel Laureates

Three cheers for Robert Graham and his Nobel sperm bank [March 10]! Whatever its initial difficulties, Graham's concept is one we dare no longer neglect.

Perhaps the feature of our times that will most amuse our descendants is our ability to bring awesome mind power to tasks like creating a better pocket camera, while still breeding our children hit or miss; and worse, believing it immoral to try for anything better.

Tom Flynn
Milwaukee

Despite being the mother of two gifted children, I find Robert Graham's attempts to improve on human genetics arrogant and frightening. First of all, intelligence and wisdom do not always go hand in hand. Second, there are already thousands of gifted children in this country—5% of schoolchildren, as a matter of fact. Of these, 18% drop out of school. If Mr. Graham really wants to help the gifted, why doesn't he help the gifted children who are being ignored or harmed by our educational system?

Janet Sheldon
Baton Rouge, La.

The Nobelman preens,
Contributing genes
To demonstrate his fertility.
His child may be smart
In language and art,
But sure won't inherit humility!

Catherine B. Chase
St. Simon's Island, Ga.

I could tolerate a sperm bank for Nobel prizewinners. Even Olympic athletes or Oscar winners might be a viable idea. But if the 96th Congress ever gets the idea of setting one up for itself, that's grounds for impeachment.

Randy Johnson
San Jose, Calif.

Patriotism in Perspective

Thank you for your Essay "The Return of Patriotism" [March 10], which puts a sporting event into perspective. I was shocked and ashamed at the display of superficial patriotism taking precedence over all of our intellectual and moral achievements.

Robert F. Rosenberg
South Lyon, Mich.

Ironically, one of this country's virtues is that there is no official curriculum on "What to Cherish and Preserve."

Bruce Munson
Monona, Wis.

Jimmy Carter has exploited our patriotism for political gain while discrediting our image. Yet Americans are now equating love of country with love of Jimmy Carter. And when the love affair is over, will we feel cheap and used?

Kathi Hanna
Pelham, N.Y.

What a killjoy! Just when we discover a smidgen of pride in our country through the efforts of the Olympic hockey team, we find we are in grave danger of becoming chauvinistic pigs who may hate all foreigners and strangers.

Frank Davis
Redondo Beach, Calif.

When patriotism becomes a standard of moral right, then it is a moral wrong.

Bill Jarrell
Greensboro, N.C.

Riddle Resolved

The answer to the riddle in Kit Williams' book *Masquerade* [March 3] works out this way:

Fifty is my first
(Roman numeral for 50, *L*),
Nothing is my second
(Nothing equals letter *O*),
Five just makes my third
(Roman numeral for 5, *V*),
My fourth a vowel is reckoned
(I reckon it's the vowel *E*).

Now to find my name,
Fit my parts together
(LOVE),
I die if I get cold
(Love dies when cold),
But never fear cold weather.

Bert E. Landau
Hawarden, Iowa

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

There is no car as roomy as Delta 88 that offers better EPA mileage ratings. When a car this roomy, looks this good and delivers impressive fuel economy – why would a family buy any other car? The chart shows the mileage and range estimates for the 1980 Olds Delta 88 with its standard V6 gasoline engine and its optional V8 diesel engine. As you can see, a family of six can go a long way on a gallon of fuel in the Oldsmobile of family cars.

	EPA EST. MPG	HWY EST.	EPA EST. RANGE	EST. HWY RANGE
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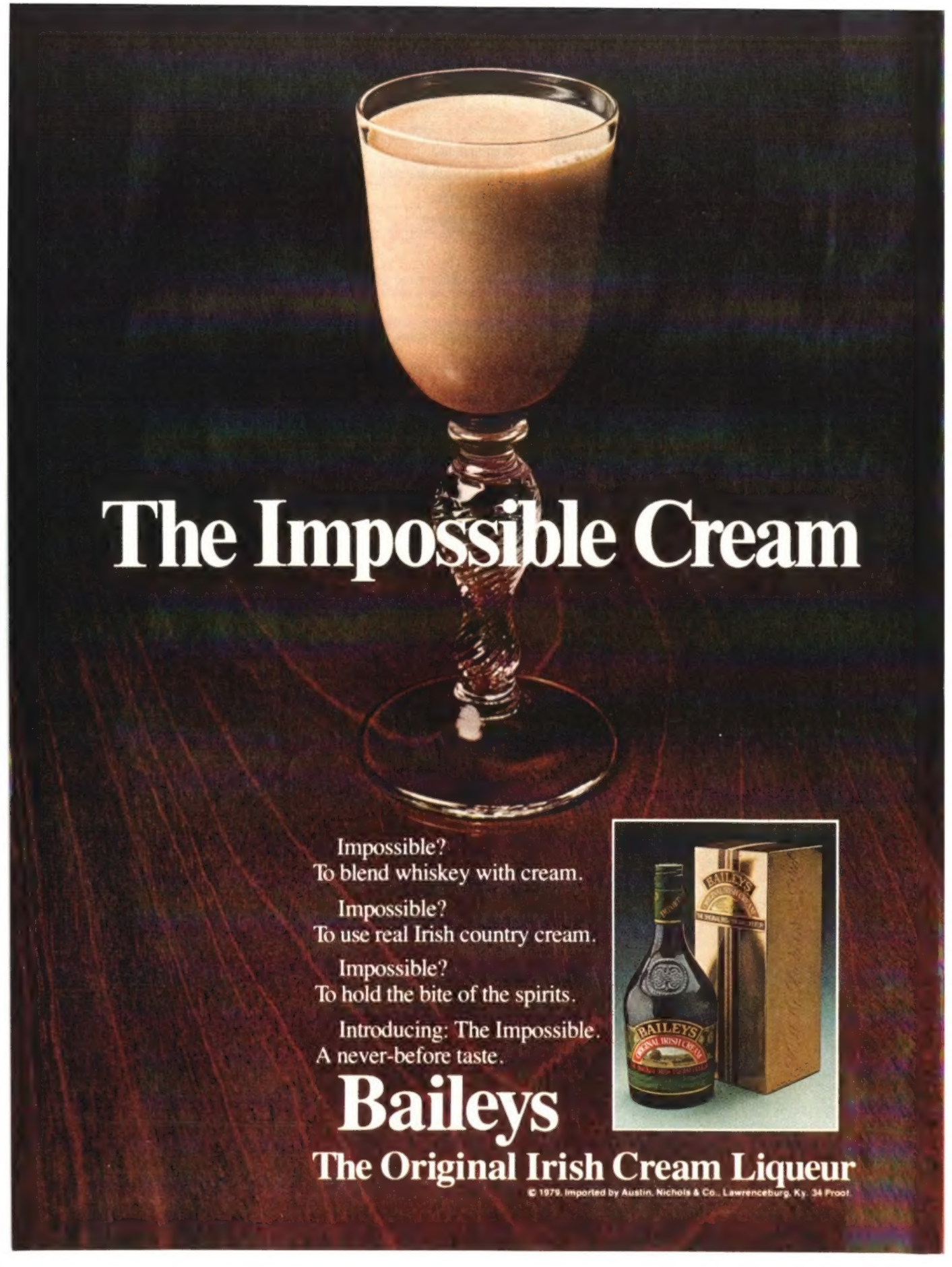
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Pearl S. Buck
1892-1973

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That is why she started The Pearl S. Buck Foundation to enlist the aid of caring Americans to rescue these beggar children. After all, half Americans are Americans!

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Death?
Upon a child in need
I now bestow
The means of living.
Thus, in such giving,
Life flows into life;
in this endless flow
May you find ease from pain
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The Races: Over Already?

Maybe not, but Carter and Reagan look just about unbeatable

"Let me just say there is a possibility I will be the nominee, and I shall conduct myself on that basis."
—Ronald Reagan

"It's mathematically always possible that we wouldn't get there, but the numbers begin to roll up."
—Carter Campaign Manager Robert Strauss

Such out-of-character understatements from the camps of the two all but certain winners were quite understandable. With three-fourths of the presidential primaries still to be held, neither Republican Ronald Reagan nor Democrat Jimmy Carter wanted to dampen the zeal of his fund-raising and vote-drumming organizers by declaring that the two races for the nomination were already over. Practically speaking, however, and barring a political miracle that no one could foresee, they were. In a sense, the general election campaign began last week. It was Carter *vs.* Reagan.

Both of the front runners, to be sure, could suffer some embarrassments before their parties hold nominating conventions in July and August. As the near certainty of the final outcome sinks in, many voters who object to such a result could coalesce behind the leaders' major opponents. There was a distant possibility that Ted Kennedy could benefit from such sentiment by pushing Carter harder than expected in this week's New York primary and later in the District of Columbia or Rhode Island. It was more likely that John Anderson could jostle Reagan in a primary here or there, most probably in Wisconsin and Oregon, and he might even mount a challenge in Reagan's home state of California. George Bush, too, vowed to fight on to the end, and he hoped to do well this week in Connecticut. But even if the underdogs snap and bite from time to time, there seems to be no way they can stop the march of delegates falling in behind Reagan and Carter.*

It was as much the manner as the margin of last week's victories in the Illinois primary that made the winners look so invincible. Kennedy and his clan had spent more than 100 days collectively in Illinois. The Senator, whose campaigning had taken on a more natural, less strident style in the face of adversity, enjoyed some of the same shoving, shouting adulation that his brothers had inspired as he pushed eagerly into crowds in Chicago. Yet there were some boos too.

Kennedy knew he could not come close in the Illinois popular vote, but he was banking on Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne's promise to deliver 49 Kennedy delegates in the separate balloting for 152 seats at the convention. Yet when the votes were counted, both Kennedy and Byrne had been crushed. Carter won by the huge advantage of 758,455 to 349,395 and collected 138 delegates to Kennedy's woeful 14, all from Chicago. Byrne's malfunctioning machine, which the late Mayor Richard Daley had built into the last of the great urban juggernauts, even lost key local offices. Kennedy was beaten not only in black, Jewish and labor districts but also in Irish Catholic areas. Both Byrne and Kennedy proved unpopular, prompting Carter Campaign Manager Robert Strauss to gibe: "The mayor and Senator are having trouble walking around together. Each is a little heavy for the other to carry."

The breadth of Reagan's Illinois win, if not the margin, was just as impressive. Anderson, who would once have been viewed as a surprising success if he could finish ahead of Bush and within 15 percentage points of Reagan, had raised high expectations by doing so well in New England. Anderson drew large and excited audiences as he campaigned through his home state. Some preprimary polls showed him ahead. But Reagan was also winning ovations in the state in which he too grew up. In Galesburg, where Reagan had attended grade school, even the fire department rolled out two lime green trucks for his motorcade. Declared the proud fire chief, Dale May Jr., in mock explanation: "With a celebrity like this in town, we can't take any chances."

Reagan collected 48% of the Illinois vote (525,823) to Anderson's 37% (401,252), while Bush trailed badly with only 11%. With the delegate count still incomplete, Reagan had at least 45, Anderson 26 and Bush only 2. There was a high crossover vote; this helped Anderson considerably, but Reagan won nearly a third of these Democrats and independents.

In winning so handily in a large industrial Midwestern state after his earlier primary successes in both the Northeast and South, Reagan destroyed the notion that his appeal is either geographically or philosophically narrow. At the same stage of his 1976 campaign, which

*As of last week, Carter had won 615 of the 1,666 delegates needed to secure the nomination, Reagan 206 of the 998 required in his party

he finally lost by only 117 delegates to incumbent President Gerald Ford. Reagan had not yet won a single primary. This time he has captured seven. Said Texas Pollster V. Lance Tarrance, who has kept tabs on Republican presidential candidates since 1964: "This is one of the most clear-cut races we've had in a decade. It's like a Monopoly game. Once Reagan passed Illinois, he passed Go."

A few critics of both Reagan and Carter refused to concede that the primary race was over, clinging to the notion that each was capable of some horrible gaffe that would send the two parties searching anew for alternatives. Carter's recent reversal of the U.S. vote on Israel at the United Nations had revived charges of his incompetence, and his latest of several tries at an anti-inflation program drew widespread criticism as being inadequate and ineffectual. The hostages in Iran seem no closer to freedom than a month ago. Once again, Carter's rating in the polls is slipping sharply. Last week's New York *Times*–CBS News poll showed Carter's job-approval rating down to 40%, compared with 52% last month.

But if Reagan still sounded simplistic, he had not blundered. On the contrary, his campaigning was smooth and confident. He has so far even avoided any show of fatigue or illness, such as the mild flu that afflicted Kennedy, which would have been seen as a telltale sign of aging in Reagan.

The primary process, which so many experts had predicted would be a long, taxing ordeal, seemed to have turned out to be a rather short, taxing ordeal. This prompted criticism, especially from those who did not like the apparent results. Contended Newton Minow, Chicago lawyer and former FCC commissioner: "It's an atrocious system guaranteed to give us bad choices because the broad center of the country does not participate in the primary process." Complained Louis Masotti, director of the Center for Urban Affairs at Northwestern University: "It's terribly confusing and is a period of unusual and cruel punishment for the American public, the press and the candidates." Political scientists began to bring up some long familiar ideas: a single nationwide primary, a series of regional primaries, a return to giving party leaders a major voice in the selection of candidates through bargaining in the traditional "smoke-filled rooms."

Big Winner Reagan taking his successful campaign pitch to voters in Illinois

A long, taxing primary ordeal turned out to be a short, taxing ordeal

Without doubt, valid objections can be raised to the current system of almost weekly primaries, the unwarranted emphasis on the earliest states and the distorting manipulation, by both candidates and the press, of the psychology of expected results. It may also be true, as New York Labor Lawyer Theodore Kheel observed, that "we pick people for their ability to raise funds, come across on TV, and as campaigners, rather than for their ability to recognize or solve our problems."

Big Loser Kennedy hearing Illinois results

As Theodore Sorensen, President Kennedy's speechwriter, insisted, "For the first time, we are beginning to see almost a total separation of the qualities needed to win elections and the qualities required to govern effectively."

Yet even if all that is true, it is hard to dispute that Reagan and Carter are the men their respective parties prefer as nominees in 1980. "The voters responded overwhelmingly," insisted Gordon Nelson, Massachusetts Republican state chairman. "They decided who they wanted and who they did not want in both parties."

Despite Carter's weaknesses, Kennedy's are even greater. He has been unable to enlist broad support, the early weeks of his campaign were highlighted by poor planning and inept execution, and the public has refused to forgive him Chappaquiddick. Certainly Reagan, who has already won the support of 1.4 million primary voters, more than twice as many as Bush or Anderson, would hardly have been bypassed by party leaders in favor of either of those two foes under some alternative system. Without the primaries, in all probability, neither Bush nor Anderson would even have gained serious consideration. Only Ford or Howard Baker would have had some chance to emerge as the nominee in a backstage contest dominated by party brokers—but when Ford did temporarily offer himself, hardly any of those very leaders were willing at that late date to enlist publicly in his cause. Baker discovered to his dismay that the respect he has earned among his Republican colleagues in the Senate as their minority leader did not translate into wider support among Republican primary voters.

Rather than being unfair to underdogs, the primary system this year gave Kennedy an early chance to score against a stumbling incumbent President, and it gave Reagan's challengers an opening to upset him in areas of the country where he might have been weakest. Yet both Carter and Reagan won impressively in widely separated areas of the nation. Theorists may devise a better way to choose the party's presidential candidates—and many Americans hope they do—but no system would work any more successfully unless it could start with a different cast of characters. ■

But Can Reagan Be Elected?

Yes, say Republicans, as they assess Carter's weaknesses

For several decades, it has been an article of faith among politicians and political analysts that no candidate can win a U.S. presidential election unless he can dominate the broad center of the spectrum, that all candidates on the edges of the left or right are doomed. Barry Goldwater's "extremism ... is no vice" campaign of 1964 provides the classic evidence, reinforced by George McGovern's 1972 defeat in 49 out of 50 states. And since G.O.P. Front Runner Ronald Reagan relies upon a base of support that is on the far right wing of the Republican Party, some experts have long declared that if he wins the nomination, the G.O.P. would simply be repeating the suicidal Goldwater campaign. Ex-President Gerald Ford left no doubt about his views when he warned last month: "A very conservative Republican cannot win in a national election."

But last week, after Ford gave up his own ambitions and Reagan's nomination took on a look of inevitability, a reassessment was under way across the country. The consensus was that although many hazards lie ahead, Ronald Reagan indeed has a chance to be elected as the 40th President of the U.S.

National opinion polls continue to show Carter leading Reagan by an apparently comfortable margin of about 25%. They also show that more moderate Republicans like Ford would run better against the President. This suggests that Reagan is not the strongest G.O.P. choice for the November election and that he clearly faces an uphill battle. Nonetheless, few political observers now write off Reagan's chances, and certainly not Jimmy Carter's chief election strategists.

As recently as last month, before Reagan's New Hampshire victory, White House advisers looked forward with relish to the possibility of Reagan as their target. No longer. Says one Georgian: "People like what Reagan's saying about the economy, about foreign policy. He's offering simple solutions and that's what people want." Adds another White House aide: "To dismiss Ronald Reagan as a right-wing nut would be a very serious error—for us or anybody else."

California Pollster Mervin Field, who just last fall felt that Reagan's nomination would lead to a Republican disaster, has changed his mind. Says Field: "I just don't see how you could dispassionately and factually argue that it will be a Carter victory. It's going to be a very close race."

Unlike the situation in 1964, when Democratic Incumbent Lyndon Johnson was still very popular, Reagan confronts a Democratic President who, after a temporary surge in the national polls because of the crises in Iran and Afghanistan, is now plagued by declining job ratings. The odds are that by fall, Carter will be trying to defend his management of an economy with double-digit inflation and rising unemployment, gasoline prices of upwards of $2 per gal. and a reduced budget that offends many of the traditional Democratic constituencies. New York Opinion Researcher Daniel Yankelovich sums it up: "The biggest thing Reagan has going for him is Carter."

Yankelovich believes that the American electorate has already shown a predisposition to replace Carter. This was manifested in the early eagerness for a Kennedy candidacy, which proved so disappointing when it became a reality. The brief bubbling of support for a Ford candidacy was part of the same feeling. If popular unhappiness with domestic and world problems finally comes to rest at Carter's doorstep, voters may begin to see all sorts of previously invisible virtues in Ronald Reagan.

Not only does Reagan face a weakened President, he also presents a less frightening prospect than the apparently more reckless Goldwater. Says TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian: "To many people, Reagan is reassuring, almost parental. He is too fatalistic and too modest to be a crusader."

So far in this campaign, Reagan has done little to damage that image. Says Florida National Committeewoman Paula Hawkins, a John Connally supporter: "He has been dignified, professional under stress. He responds well when he gets punched. He's gentlemanly, answers with humor and with enough acid to let you know he has heard."

Reagan cannot hope to win, however, unless he moves beyond the hard-line conservative base that has sustained him since he first appeared on the national political scene as a spokesman for Goldwater himself. He has no experience in Washington politics or foreign affairs. Both Congress and the federal bureaucracy are as unfathomable to him as they were to Carter. Indeed one of Reagan's major supporters in the Senate notes that the Californian is uncomfortable even visiting Washington. But Reagan does have his record as a relatively moderate two-term Governor of California to wave as proof of his ability to cope with major responsibilities. And he does wave it, pointing out that he won the governorship only by attracting Democratic support and that he managed to leave a $500 million surplus for his successor, Jerry Brown. He appears to be making some effort to reassure less conservative voters that he understands their concerns. He told a New York audience: "Increasingly employment must be a major priority for helping the cities." And in Chicago he mixed his opposition to the SALT II treaty with support for arms reduction.

There is evidence that voters other than Republican archconservatives are beginning to support Reagan. In last week's Illinois primary, according to one poll, 40% of the Republican vote was cast by Democratic and Independent crossovers, and roughly 30% of these went to Reagan. Some of the voters are those who once supported George Wallace—but not all of them. Reagan has a personal following all his own.

The Republicans have been bedeviled off and on since 1964 by the bitter party

Drawings for TIME by David Levine

split between moderates and conservatives. In 1976, Reagan's defeat at the convention led many of his supporters to offer at most lukewarm support to the Ford candidacy. This year, so far, the party has not divided sharply, at least not until John Anderson arose as a mildly successful liberal. Reagan himself has been a benign campaigner—last week he even offered to help his defeated rivals pay off their campaign debts—and the odds are that he will enjoy more party support this fall than Ford did in 1976. Says New York State National Committeeman Richard Rosenbaum, who had been a Ford admirer: "Republicans are hungry for a victory. Even those who find Reagan a little too far to the right for their tastes will back him in the general election." Pennsylvania Governor Richard Thornburgh, a former Ford backer, will support Reagan and thinks the Californian can win if he seeks support even from normally Democratic constituencies. Said he: "I would hope that no candidate would write off the support of labor unions because they have traditionally supported Democrats." Given the deeply ingrained loyalities of such groups, this will be no easy task for Reagan.

Just as the Republican Party is closer to Reagan's point of view than it was eight or even four years ago, the country as a whole has moved right. Reagan's reach for the center will be shorter now than before. Says Pollster Yankelovich: "Reagan should not assume this is a mandate to define a right-wing program for the country. Rather it is a chance to define a new policy for the center."

But to say that Reagan *can* be elected is by no means to say that he will be. On the contrary, he looks very much the underdog. Some party operatives are plainly unhappy with his selection. In Massachusetts, where both Bush and Anderson defeated Reagan, party leaders are not yet reconciled to the Reagan candidacy. Says one: "There's a vacuum of leadership at the national level; and what appears to be the Republican Party's response? A 69-year-old man who has done virtually nothing for years. We're at the same stage the Whigs were. There's no choice."

Carter, for all his problems, has the power of incumbency. As President, he can react to challenges by changing the direction of the whole Government, which he has done recently by attempting to balance the budget in the coming fiscal year, a course urged by all Republican candidates. Carter is an undeniably deft—and extremely lucky—politician. He also is a relatively known quantity in the White House, whereas the inexperienced Reagan would require a definite leap of faith by voters supporting him. Says Northwestern University Political Scientist Louis Masotti: "There's a variation on the old cliché: you don't change horses' asses in midstream. You've got one, and at least you know its contours."

Reagan has a history of committing rhetorical blunders that drive away voters. His quest in 1976 was damaged when he suggested vaguely, without proper research and consideration, that $90 billion in federal programs should be turned back to the states. He then spent months explaining that the affected programs would not be eliminated, only transferred. As Governor, Reagan was outraged by student unrest and once proclaimed: "The state of California has no business subsidizing intellectual curiosity."

Worse perhaps than the verbal gaffe is Reagan's relentlessly simple-minded discussion of complex problems. He is aware that he is charged with this failing, and in his 1967 inaugural address on becoming Governor of California, he asserted: "We have been told there are no simple answers to complex problems. Well, the truth is there are simple answers, just not easy ones."

This approach to public policy continues to characterize Reagan's 1980 campaign. One of his proposed cures for inflation is the notion that a huge tax cut will restore the productive vitality of the economy and control price rises. Most economists believe this approach is nonsense, that it would simply fuel more inflation. Reagan also asserts that "inflation comes from the Government spending more than the Government takes in. It will go away when the Government stops doing that." Economists say that a balanced federal budget would still trim less than a percentage point from the inflation rate.

Of the energy problem, Reagan says: "From the time of the horseless carriage until 1971, there was no energy shortage. What happened is that in 1971 Government got into the energy business. If Government would just get out of the energy business and leave the oil companies alone, the greatest petroleum geologists have told me we would not have to buy from OPEC." Reagan ignores the fact that before 1971, the Government was heavily involved in energy, largely by erecting tariff barriers to protect the prices of domestic oil and to limit imports. As for those future supplies that Reagan sees waiting to be drilled, the American Petroleum Institute says that if all the economically recoverable oil in the U.S. were being drilled, production would be increased by 4 million bbl. a day, only half of current import levels.

Reagan's loose statements and flabby positions will make splendid targets for Jimmy Carter. John Sears, Reagan's former campaign manager, was worried by that very problem during his year-and-a-half reign, and after Reagan fired him in late February, Sears complained publicly that Reagan does not have well-prepared policy positions. Frets Sears: "I'm not sure that he is now adequately briefed on matters on which politicians and the press and the people hold him to account."

As Reagan attempts to become the oldest President ever elected in the U.S.,* his choice for the second spot on his ticket will have to be seen as instantly capable of taking over the presidency. There has already been speculation that Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee or Rival George Bush could be possible choices.

As the political situation stands at this moment, a Reagan-Baker ticket could offer a worthy challenge to Carter-Mondale, who after all managed to defeat the Republican ticket in 1976 by only 56 electoral votes. If the Californian can hold the states won then by Ford, the switch of only a few states, such as Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana or South Carolina, out of the Democratic column could make the "unelectable" Ronald Reagan the next President of the U.S. ■

*The six oldest previously elected Presidents and their ages when inaugurated: William Henry Harrison, 68; James Buchanan, 65; Zachary Taylor, 64; Dwight Eisenhower, 62; Andrew Jackson, 61; John Adams, 61

Representative John Anderson spreading the faith in Chicago last week

"J.B.A., J.B.A., J.B.A.!"

John Anderson: there is something independent about him

Not only had he just lost his home state's primary but his second-place finish was not even the squeaker that many had predicted. Nevertheless, the air of moral victory filled the Chicago hotel ballroom when Representative John B. Anderson spoke to a wildly enthusiastic crowd of 1,800 believers after last week's Illinois primary. "Politics means more than just a game of winning and losing," preached the white-haired candidate. "It is instead a chance for an honest effort to chart a new course for the nation." Cheers welled up, and chants of "J.B.A., J.B.A., J.B.A.!" "The old ideas, the old politics, simply will not do," declaimed Anderson. More cheers, more chants. Anderson closed by leading the crowd in a rendition of the fight song of the University of Wisconsin, where he is campaigning this week in hopes of winning that state's April 1 primary. The words sounded especially stirring: "On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin! Plunge right through that line!"

Aside from the musical finish, it was a standard performance—moralistic, idealistic, enthusiastic, and always self-assured—by this year's most uncommon candidate, the liberal Republican maverick who started his campaign last June as John Who?, then nearly won the primaries in Massachusetts and Vermont and now enjoys the enthusiastic support of a ragtag but sizable collection of independent voters, disenchanted Democrats and even a few like-minded Republicans.

But what Anderson believes in—among other things, SALT II, gun control, high gasoline taxes and the ERA—is not what most Republicans believe in. Anderson Campaign Manager Michael MacLeod insists that his candidate is pursuing a primary campaign strategy that will send him to the July convention "with between 800 and 900" of the 998 delegates needed to win the nomination. Once in Detroit, according to this plan, Anderson will be able to woo enough other delegates to win on the first ballot. But this scenario combines so many unlikely events, including a victory in the June 3 winner-take-all primary in Reagan's home state of California, that the strategy is not considered realistic by anyone not in the Anderson camp.

Instead, Anderson's popularity outside his own party has given rise to speculation that he might try to launch an independent or third-party candidacy. Up until last week, Anderson declined to rule out such a bid, and finally did so only after his party loyalty was criticized by Reagan. But if Anderson is thwarted by the G.O.P., he could once again be tempted by the notion of an independent candidacy. Says a White House aide: "He's one of those terribly fervent believers. He's got the mission now, and he won't let go."

If so, he faces a horrendous obstacle course. In order to get on the ballot in all 50 states, Anderson would have to submit a total of about 685,000 valid signatures to the individual states, ranging from 25 in Tennessee to 101,000 in California.

Though the deadlines for filing petitions have already passed in two states—Ohio and Maryland—most fall between late June and early September. Even if Anderson waited until just after the Republican Convention, July 14 to 17, to launch his candidacy, he would still be eligible to get on the ballot in 33 states and the District of Columbia, representing a total of 344 electoral votes (270 are needed for election).

Financing an independent or third-party candidacy could prove just as formidable a task. The Democratic and Republican candidates will each receive $29.5 million in federal campaign funds, but Anderson would not be eligible for any such funding. Yet while trying to raise money on his own, he would still be required to observe the limits on individual ($1,000) and committee ($5,000) donations. If he eventually got at least 5% of the popular vote, he might be eligible for a partial reimbursement from federal funds.

Though the history of third-party and independent presidential bids in the U.S. is a long one, it holds little hope of victory. From Teddy Roosevelt and his Bull Moose Party in 1912 to George Wallace and his American Independent Party in 1968 to Independent Candidate Eugene McCarthy in 1976, all such candidacies have been rejected by the voters. Indeed, since 1860, only two urban states in one presidential election (Pennsylvania and Michigan in 1912 for Roosevelt) have cast their electoral votes for anyone other than the two major-party candidates.

However, third-party and independent candidates sometimes attract enough support to influence a presidential election. Roosevelt took so many votes away from Republican William Howard Taft in 1912 that Democrat Woodrow Wilson won the election. If Anderson did decide to mount such a candidacy, a strange scenario might unfold. In a Carter-Reagan contest, Anderson presumably would siphon away more votes from the President than from Reagan. On the other hand, if Anderson attracted so many votes that no candidate received a majority of the electoral votes and the election was thrown into the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives, Carter would certainly have the edge. In such an election, each state delegation casts one vote, and since most delegations can be expected to vote along party lines, Carter would win.

Perhaps the prospect of such a scenario is what makes Anderson deny any plans for an independent race. Instead, he claims, he will "peel Reagan's fingers away from the nomination." ■

"J.B.A." voting in Rockford

"A breath of fresh air."

Where the Ax Will Fall

White House and Congress battle over how to cut spending

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE. That legendary inscription over the gate of hell, as described in Dante's *Inferno*, appeared last week on a sign that New York Democrat Stephen Solarz posted at a meeting of the House Budget Committee. His point was to warn his fellow liberals that they have no chance of stopping a congressional drive to balance next year's budget, in part by cuts in Government social spending which the liberals find downright hellish

Congress does seem determined to reduce spending, and in fact the legislators are talking of slashes going a bit deeper than the $13 billion that Jimmy Carter proposed two weeks ago as the keystone of his fourth anti-inflation program. But the battle over just which programs to reduce by how much—and whether to enact some relatively minor tax increases as well—is by no means settled

The President moved last week to defuse all potential opposition. No fewer than 1,700 people—representatives of business, labor, veterans, black, ethnic, elderly and youth groups—streamed into the White House for anti-inflation briefings from Carter's senior economic officials. The President himself participated in six "Operation Outreach" meetings. One aide reported that most of the visitors expressed support for Carter's budget-cutting plans, though many businessmen complained that they do not go far enough

The White House, however, remained vague on exactly what it was selling. Administration officials so far have identified only broad areas on which the ax will fall: revenue sharing for states and various job-training programs, for example. Critics charged that Carter was craftily withholding a detailed list of programs to be canceled or trimmed for fear that it would cost him votes in the key primaries in Illinois last week and New York this week. Ted Kennedy called the delay in recommending specific cuts "one of the most cynical aspects of the campaign." Press Secretary Jody Powell replied, "That allegation just won't hold water with anyone familiar with the budget process."

Politics aside, Carter obviously is having difficulty in steeling himself to recommend slashes in some of his own projects, though he knows he must if he is to come anywhere near balancing the budget. At midweek, the President discussed potential reductions for three hours with his top assistants in the chart-hung Cabinet Room of the White House. Said one aide: "It was agonizing for him. He was shaking his head, cutting these programs he had started." At one point, Budget Director James McIntyre brought up an aid-to-education plan and remarked, "We know this is one of your favorite programs." Carter winced. McIntyre argued against deep cuts in federal aid to education with more emotion than colleagues could recall the usually reserved budget chief's ever having displayed before

The best the White House could do was to set a target of this week for drawing up a specific list of requested cuts Congress could not wait. Its leaders are anxious to push through budget resolutions by the statutory deadline of May 15 They hope that will counteract the efforts of Washington's myriad lobbyists to block reductions in their favorite programs

House Budget Committee Chairman Robert Giaimo of Connecticut unveiled what amounts to his own budget. As approved by the committee late last week, it calls for the spending of $611.8 billion in fiscal 1981, which begins Oct. 1, or $16.5 billion less than Carter's estimate of early March. It assumes revenues of $617.3 billion and a surplus of $5.5 billion, the first since 1969 and the largest since 1951

The committee proposed a long list of specific cuts. Among them: $1.7 billion in revenue-sharing money for states, $1 billion in antirecession aid to cities, $1.4 billion to be whacked from defense spending. Lesser but significant reductions would be made in a wide variety of highway, youth employment and health programs and in payments to federal retirees. In a show of self-sacrifice, the committee even suggested delaying cost of living pay increases for Congressmen. In addition, Giaimo proposed $3.5 billion in new taxes, to be chosen by the House Ways and Means Committee from a "laundry list" of possible new levies. Among them: higher "sin" taxes on cigarettes and liquor; lower business entertainment deductions; an income tax surcharge on high-salaried people

For all this show of resolution, votes last week foreshadowed loud wrangling to come. Republicans on the committee pressed for a much deeper cut in spending ($26 billion) and a $20 billion tax cut as well: they were beaten 17 to 8 on a straight party-line vote. Liberals, with Carter's approval, moved to restore $500 million in aid to hard-pressed cities and lost by the narrowest conceivable margin: a 12-to-12 tie. The Republicans voted for the final resolution, which goes to the full House this week, but six liberal Democrats voted no. David Obey of Wisconsin promised to offer a liberal substitute for the Giaimo budget in House floor debate, and Carter, seeming to waver on his own budget-cutting resolve, vowed to back more aid to cities

The battling is sure to get louder

Solarz (right) with sign cribbed from Dante's *Inferno* at House Budget Committee meeting

"It was agonizing for him. He was shaking his head, cutting these programs . . ."

White House aides believe that the House and Senate budget resolutions will embody most of the President's recommendations for expenditure cuts, whatever those recommendations finally turn out to be. "When we get to the appropriations process, though, everything is going to be in jeopardy," says one Carter strategist. The budget resolutions merely set a target; congressional committees can and often do vote more money for specific programs than the budget resolutions allow. It is to the appropriations committees that lobbyists probably will make their loudest cries of anguish

One very influential lobby that is already being heard from consists of the nation's Governors and mayors. Says New Hampshire Governor Hugh Gallen, whose strong support helped Jimmy Carter win a decisive primary victory: "I've been on the phone directly to the White

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House talking about the possible shortage of $5.8 million to this state in revenue sharing and pointing out how clearly dependent New Hampshire is on this money. Other Governors also will bring the necessary weight in Congress to stop this approach." Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit warned of a "long, hot summer" if Congress votes to chop federal programs that help cities. Said Young: "If there must be pain, let it be spread across the whole budget. Let it be felt in the Defense Department as well as the summer jobs program."

Collectively, the states can afford a cancellation of revenue sharing; the 50 states are expected to pile up an aggregate surplus of $7.5 billion this year. But the Governors, and the mayors to whom they pass much federal cash, argue that revenue-sharing grants, which can be spent in virtually any way the recipients please, give them needed flexibility to meet local requirements. Says Pennsylvania's Republican Governor, Richard Thornburgh: "The President proposes to cut the kinds of programs best adapted to changing times, such as general revenue sharing, while retaining rigid categorical grants [those that finance specific activities like vocational education and the running of mental health centers] that have been festooned on the federal Christmas tree by special interests. This may be good political strategy, but it is poor public policy." Indianapolis Mayor William H. Hudnut III counts 498 federal programs that benefit cities and adds sarcastically, "There are 497 of these less important than general revenue sharing. It is the glue that holds the city's budget together."

Some sectional bitterness is appearing too. Governors and mayors in the Northeast, an area of aging industries, feel discriminated against. Philadelphia, for example, is struggling to close a projected $137 million budget gap by laying off police and firemen. Finance Director Edward De Seve figures that an end to revenue sharing would cost the city an extra $50 million to $55 million; making up that sum might require a 17% increase in city real estate taxes, on top of a 20% jump already contemplated. De Seve insists that Carter and Congress should target budget cuts on what he derisively calls the "OPEC states," principally Alaska, California, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas, which are collecting huge revenues from oil production.

That angry cry is only a forerunner of the cacophony to come. In principle, almost everyone agrees that a balanced budget is a national necessity as a first step toward lowering 18% inflation. In practice, just about every interest in the country will be battling to shift the burden of the spending cuts onto someone else. Congress is off to a fast start in slicing the budget, but maintaining that momentum will be something quite different. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

"A Revolution Is Under Way"

The network television cameras panned and probed across the United States last week, searching for high political drama. They found it along Chicago's State Street on St. Patrick's Day. Mayor Jane Byrne, in a Day-Glo green vinyl cap and swathed in the luxurious fur of numerous martens, towed an uncomfortable Senator Kennedy through what used to be Mayor Richard Daley's scruffy but functional precincts. The lung power of the combined brass bands of the great city was unable to drown out the boos. Daley surely turned a bit in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

There followed over the next hours, as the state that nurtured Abraham Lincoln prepared to vote, electronic vignettes of all the contenders. John Anderson, billed as the candidate of ideas, was seen soaring and swooping, eyes nearly closed in his passion, resembling no one so much as the late Billy Sunday. George Bush, the cool Ivy Leaguer, appeared with his neck veins protruding, finger wagging, voice in upper fortissimo. Jimmy Carter was there too, via the tube, talking calmly from the White House as the world he helped to create seemed to be collapsing around him.

And then there was the old man of the boards, Ronald Reagan, a show business artifact whose time has come round again through video tape and the minicam. Reagan kept his eyes on the lens and himself under control, and he appeared on the screen as just about the only public figure of the moment who could both understand and tame the crazy world.

If elected, would he serve?

There is now some serious scholarship to support the theory that we have entered a new age of the presidency. The first words encountered in the new book by Duke's Professor James David Barber are stunning: "A revolution in presidential politics is under way. No longer do the Democratic and Republican parties control the choice of standard-bearers. In their place a new set of kingmakers has arisen: the journalists. For it is in the newspapers, the magazines and on television screens that the presidential candidacies are created and destroyed." Barber has made political history before. In 1969, in a paper on Richard Nixon, he forecast tragedy later in that Administration. His 1972 book *The Presidential Character* established new standards of political assessment. The new volume due out in April is called *The Pulse of Politics: Electing Presidents in the Media Age*.

"What is new is not mass communication as one of the major forces in politics," writes Barber, "but rather its emergence to fill virtually the whole gap in the electoral process left by the default of other independent elites who used to help manage the choice ... The primary task a presidential candidate faces today is not building a coalition of organized interests or developing alliances with other candidates or politicians in his party, or even winning over the voters whose hands he shakes. If he has his modern priorities straight, he is first and foremost a seeker after favorable notice from the journalists who can make or break his progress."

Last week a group of concerned Americans clustered around a television set in Chicago for an updating on their own state primary. Their focus was not on a local luminary but on Walter Cronkite, who had come to the provinces and set up his majestic broadcast booth. His noble gray head appeared at the bottom of the screen, a gigantic red, white and blue map of the U.S. spread out behind him. Not since George C. Scott opened the movie *Patton* had such a dramatic entrance been filmed. There were quiet gasps among the appreciative Chicagoans.

Cronkite for that second or two consumed everybody who watched. He was everything the real world was not. Cronkite was truth, stability and reality. "My God," one of the viewers muttered, "why don't we get it over with and elect Cronkite President?"

Sadat in Cairo: warnings of a "new situation" if the autonomy talks fail

Echoes of Camp David

Carter invites Sadat and Begin to Washington

"Stalemate and stagnation." That is how Egyptian President Anwar Sadat last week described his fears for the fate of the autonomy talks with Israel about the future of the Palestinians. And he was right. With the May 26 deadline for the negotiations only two months away, the discussions had bogged down, at least with respect to what anybody would have called substantive issues. Reviewing the situation, Jimmy Carter decided it was once again time to invoke the spirit, if not the reality, of Camp David. Carter's ploy: to invite Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin to visit him separately in Washington next month. The President was careful to play down the inevitable comparisons with Camp David; this time there were no plans for a summit bringing together the three men. But the President hoped that the talks would lead to new efforts by the two leaders to settle their differences.

After next month's meetings were announced, a senior White House official declared: "We have now come to a point at which both the Egyptians and the Israelis confront the need to make some tough decisions." Despite that evenhanded appraisal, the White House feels that Sadat has conformed to the spirit and the letter of the Camp David agreements far more than have the Israelis. Carter believes that Begin will have to make the major concessions for further accords. In turn, the Israeli leader is fully prepared to resist any attempt by Carter to pressure him into modifying his stands. Said a Begin aide: "The minimum we expect from the meeting is that there will be a clear-cut definition of where we stand in the autonomy negotiations. Beyond that, we look upon it as an opportunity to dramatize the progress that has been made without the pressure of deadlines and ultimatums."

The White House took pains to state that Carter had no plans to hard-sell his visitors. Said a top Carter aide: "We do not intend to present specific American proposals, but we do want to hear what their ideas are for the remaining issues to be solved." White House Press Secretary Jody Powell made it clear that the President did not intend to re-enter the negotiations himself.

Both Begin and Sadat welcomed the meeting, which the Egyptian had suggested to the President in a letter three weeks ago. Nine rounds between Israeli and Egyptian negotiators, in addition to five face-to-face encounters between Begin and Sadat, have had only mixed results. Administration officials emphasize that some 20 issues involving the jurisdiction of the Palestinian body to be elected have been agreed upon; the local authority would have full power to tax, for example, and to run its own police force.

Still, formidable matters are unresolved, and Begin's aides think it would be unrealistic to expect a breakthrough in the negotiations by May 26. The Egyptians, for instance, want a large elected assembly of 50 to 100 representatives with real legislative power, but the Israelis want to make sure it is a small, strictly administrative body with no overtones of a future national parliament. On another issue, Begin flatly rejects Egypt's suggestion that East Jerusalem be ruled by the new council. Finally, while Sadat contends that the Israeli military administration must wither away once the self-governing authority takes hold, Begin—in defiance of a specific Camp David provision—has pledged that the Israeli army will stay on indefinitely as the "ultimate authority." The Egyptians also insist that the Israeli settlements on the West Bank are illegal and must be abandoned.

Sadat warned last week that "a new situation will exist" unless significant progress is made before the May 26 deadline. He did not explain, but behind the sphinxlike statement was the threat that a continuing stalemate could compel Egypt to turn toward Europe for support of a revised U.N. resolution. It would call for full Palestinian "self-determination," a code word for an independent Palestinian state. "We would be willing to support any forum that might bring a lasting, comprehensive peace," said Egyptian Premier Mustafa Khalil.

In Washington, officials said privately that Carter wanted to head off a move by European nations, led by Britain, to raise the issue at the U.N. The Europeans hope that the Palestine Liberation Organization might be induced to reciprocate by recognizing Israel's right to exist. But the Administration believes that the European initiative would disrupt the carefully cultivated negotiating process between Cairo and Jerusalem.

Carter also had a compelling reason of his own to try to break the stalemate: he wanted to overcome the hostility he caused among Jews in the U.S. three weeks ago when his Administration backed an anti-Israel resolution in the U.N., a vote that Carter later repudiated. The White House's announcement of the talks came just six days before the important New York primary. There, with the help of as many Jewish voters as he could attract, Carter hoped to knock out Ted Kennedy once and for all. ■

Right All Along?

Vance defends U.N. vote

Just one day after the White House announced the forthcoming visits of Premier Begin and President Sadat, Secretary of State Vance was attacked by members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who seemed as anxious as the President to show their support of Israel. The subject was the fiasco at the U.N. when the U.S. first supported and then repudiated a resolution criticizing Israeli occupation of Arab territory that it seized during the 1967 war. The caustic tone of the session was set by New York Senator Jacob Javits, a firm backer of Israel, who announced on Feb. 25 that he would be seeking re-election in the fall. Said Javits: "Now, Mr. Secretary, did anyone ever read this resolution?"

Appearing before the Senate committee

Vance's calm reply: "Of course they did."

At one point, Chairman Frank Church held a text of the U.N. resolution in one hand and in the other grasped the Camp David accords and previous U.N. resolutions that were far less critical of Israel than the one under contention. Said he: "To my own bafflement, these two sets of documents are clearly inconsistent." Later, Church stated: "Why vote for any resolution proposed by Arab countries condemning Israel? It would have been more appropriate to abstain."

Vance further angered the Senators by endorsing the basic thrust of the U.N. resolution against Israel, although that put him in the anomalous position of backing the theme of a resolution that his President had rejected. The Secretary pointed out that the U.S. had long opposed the Israeli settlements as being "contrary to international law and an impediment to the successful conclusion of the Middle East [peace] process." Vance told how the Administration had repeatedly asked the Israelis to show restraint. "The situation grew worse, and it came to a point where it was beginning to jeopardize the success of the autonomy talks." The Secretary said that the Administration had grown frustrated and eventually decided to vote in favor of the U.N. resolution.

With the talks with Sadat and Begin coming up, Vance was obviously reluctant to delve into touchy aspects of U.S. policy. Trying to pin Vance down, Maryland's Senator Paul Sarbanes asked him at length about Administration views on Israel's control of East Jerusalem, which is bitterly opposed by the Arabs. The Israelis want the area because it contains the Wailing Wall and other Jewish holy places. Said Sarbanes: "Is it the position of our Government that East Jerusalem is considered an occupied territory?" Replied Vance at last: "That is the position."

Several Senators closely questioned Vance because of what they termed their "lingering suspicions" that the State Department's initial backing of the U.N. resolution reflected a growing influence of a pro-Arab group of policymakers in the Administration. Vance denied this was the case. And once again Vance took full blame for the flip-flop on the resolution, saying that his department had failed to follow Carter's wishes.

In his appearance the next day before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, where he received a tamer reception, Vance indicated that Carter had known about the references to Jerusalem in the resolution that the U.S. approved. Asked Representative Elizabeth Holtzman of Brooklyn: "Did you advise the President of the references to Jerusalem that were in the text of the Security Council resolution?" Vance: "He was familiar with it." Then Vance slid away from the point, saying only that the President himself "should speak to that issue." The White House had no comment to make. ■

Defiant fire fighter raises fist as he and co-worker go to jail in handcuffs

Firemen in Jail

Chaos reigned in Kansas City

Some 250 striking firemen jammed into a courtroom in Kansas City last week, demanding that they be put in jail. City officials more than obliged, issuing contempt-of-court citations against 700 of the city's 850 firemen, and marching many of them off to the lockup in handcuffs. Angry firemen sabotaged their equipment, stuffing rags into water hoses and pouring sugar into the fuel tanks of their trucks. Most outrageous of all, three fire fighters were charged with setting grass fires while they were on strike. National Guardsmen were called out to protect the police and other substitutes manning the fire stations.

The chaos was created by an emotional overreaction on both sides of what should have been a readily resolvable dispute. Its origins dated back to last December, when negotiations on a wage package dawdled and firemen protested for twelve days in a work slowdown, either by calling in sick or refusing to work overtime. The city reacted to the slowdown by firing 42 of the men who disobeyed orders to work beyond their scheduled hours.

Last week the two sides finally reached a new understanding on wages, including a 15% raise in pay over two years. The fire fighters ratified the deal on condition that the 42 men dismissed earlier be reinstated. But City Manager Robert Kipp, supported by an advisory personnel board, refused to do so. Nearly the entire force of firemen then walked out.

Circuit Judge Laurence Smith ordered each of the arrested firemen to serve 20 days in jail, pay a fine of $300 and another $16 a day for the meals they were served behind bars. With all the city cells booked up, many of the fire fighters would have to await vacancies before they could serve their time. By week's end Kansas City had handled more than 265 alarms without loss of life, but arson in the city had risen alarmingly. At that point, a judge ordered the reinstatement of the 42 dismissed men; to universal relief, the fire fighters voted to return to work. ■

Oops!

A horribly regrettable mix-up

Annie Robinson, 58, needed an operation to remove the parathyroid glands in the front of her neck. Virginia Edmondson, 54, needed cartilage removed from the vertebrae at the back of her neck. On the same morning at Philadelphia's Graduate Hospital, doctors somehow mixed up the two women and started performing the vertebrae operation on the parathyroid patient and vice versa.

How could such a thing have happened? The hospital is still investigating the incident, and saying little. But its spokesman did report that both doctors spotted the error in mid-operation and halted their work. Stranger still, the doctor mistakenly operating on Mrs. Edmondson's thyroid discovered and removed a benign nodule while the doctor mistakenly operating on Mrs. Robinson's vertebrae cured her of an unrelated pain in her leg by somehow relieving pressure on her sciatic nerve.

Despite these serendipitous benefits, both women are considering the possibility of suing the hospital. The medical authorities called the incident "horribly regrettable" but offered a gesture of good will: neither the doctors nor the hospital will send either patient a bill for services rendered. ■

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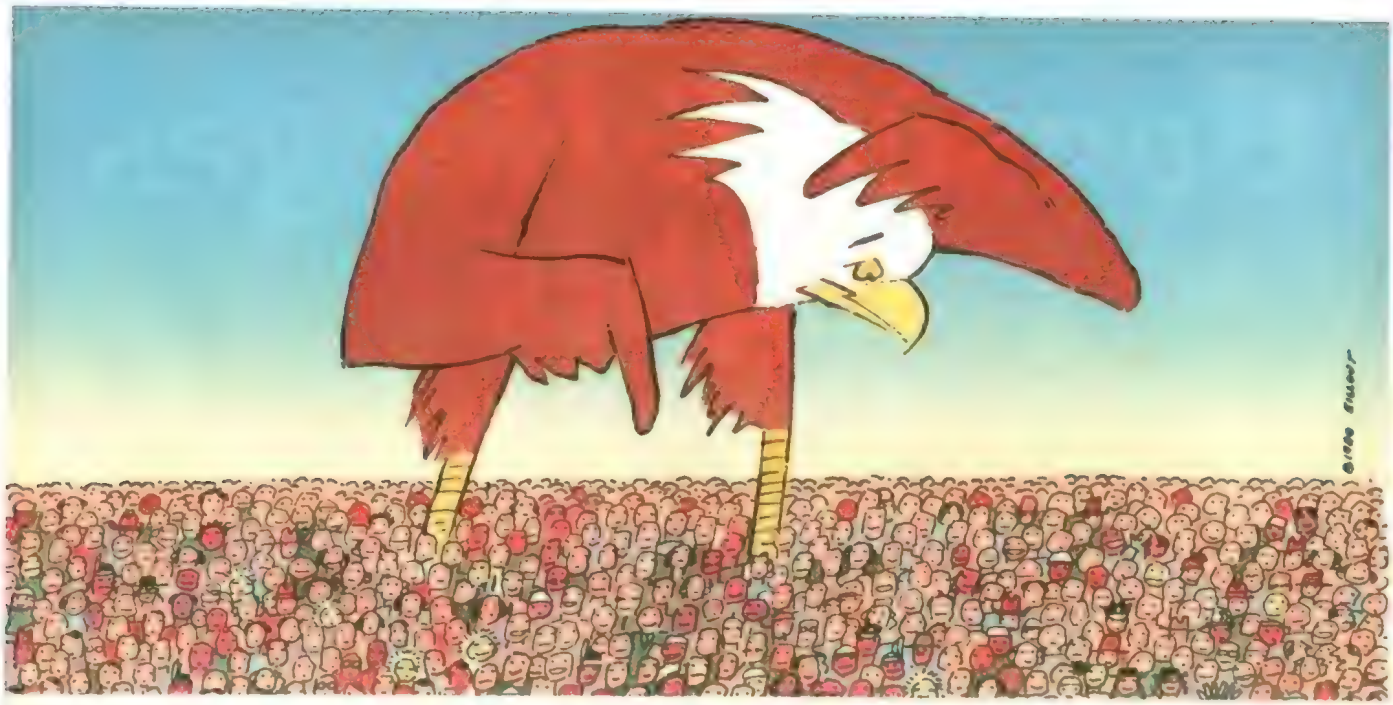


Let the Great Head Count Begin

Congressional power and billions in funds are at stake in the 1980 census

Answer the census! We're counting on you!

That slogan will start bombarding Americans this week from sea to shining sea as the great decennial head count begins. Ministers, priests and rabbis will be preaching it from their pulpits on "Census Sabbath" and "Census Sunday." Put to music, the slogan will blare from radios in Spanish, Cantonese, Russian, Greek, Vietnamese and 26 other languages in addition to English. On TV, the census will be plugged by Kirk Douglas, José Ferrer, Elvin Hayes, Roger Staubach, Mickey Mouse and a cast of thousands. Just in case someone might manage to remain blissfully ignorant of the effort to get every American head counted, census messages will accompany tens of millions of Social Security checks and telephone and utility bills. They will be distributed on flyers by thousands of Boy Scouts; they will appear magically on restaurant place mats, street posters and lapel buttons.

If the campaign is extraordinary, so is the importance of the final tabulations made by the U.S. Census Bureau. When the results are sent to the President at the start of next year, as the law requires, the shifts in population will determine which states gain and lose seats in the House of Representatives, and they could affect the redistricting of state legislatures and even county and city councils. The census findings are the basis for allocating more than $50 billion in federal funds to states and localities. They provide source material for business and industry about the changing composition and needs of the national marketplace. With so much at stake, small wonder that the 1980 census is already the most closely scrutinized—and harshly criticized—of any since the national head count began in 1790.

This decade's census is one of the biggest, costliest and most ambitious statistical exercises in history. Using 120 million forms, 5,000 tons of paper and 85 tons of ink, the survey will amass and tabulate more than 3 billion answers and record them on 5,000 miles of microfilm. To process this avalanche of data, the Census Bureau has had to design (and patent) special scanning equipment that will be plugged into a giant UNIVAC 1100 computer around the clock for months. Meanwhile, an army of 250,000 census takers, or "enumerators," and 15,000 office workers are being recruited; they will earn $4 to $5 an hour and work from four to eight weeks. The cost of the entire exercise: more than $1 billion, compared with $221.6 million in 1970 and an estimated $44,000 in 1790.

This week the nation's 86 million households will receive by mail the blue, white and gray census form; 90% will be instructed to send back the questionnaire, using the provided postage-paid envelope, on April 1, which has been designated Census Day. Households failing to comply within several weeks will receive visits from the enumerators. They will also call on the 10% of the households that are not required to mail back the forms. This group is located mainly in sparsely populated areas. (Past censuses have shown that mail often goes astray in these regions.)

Two forms are being used in the survey. Some 83% of the nation's households will get the short version, which asks seven personal questions, such as each resident's name, sex, age, marital status, race (15 categories, including white, black, American Indian, Filipino, Eskimo and Guamanian) and whether the respondent is of Spanish/Hispanic origin. Specific queries about race and national descent have been sought by minority group leaders who have argued that many of their members have been overlooked in past counts. Said Juanita Steadham, a prominent Creek Indian activist: "Before, the form said 'black and others.' Indians would not mark 'others.' "

Breaking with custom, this year's form does not pose questions to the "Head of Household." Women's libbers won their argument that such a term implies an inequality between husband and wife. Questions, therefore, will now be asked of the resident "in whose name the home is owned or rented."

In addition to personal data, the short form also asks a dozen questions mostly about the residence: the number of rooms, whether it is owned or rented and whether it has a private entrance and full plumbing (defined as "hot and cold piped water, a flush toilet and a bathtub or shower"). The long form, which will be received by

Illustration for TIME by Guy Billout

17% of the households, asks 46 additional questions, including education and income levels and whether the respondent is physically or mentally disabled. These questions seem to be not only intrusive but also idiosyncratic, and they and similar ones have irritated or angered millions of Americans over the years.

In its defense, the Census Bureau notes that most of these questions are to meet the requirements of legislation passed by Congress. Data on bathrooms are needed, says a bureau publication, "in federal studies of water and sewage use. They are also utilized as an indication of housing quality."

The long form also wants to know if a foreign-born resident speaks English "very well, well, not well [or] not at all." Answers to this will provide information required by the Voting Rights Act. Future energy programs could profit from the answers concerning how a residence is heated (by steam, warm-air furnace, fireplaces, etc.), the fuel used, whether there is air conditioning and if respondents get to work by car, bus, subway, bicycle, on foot or other means.

The questions being asked this year have survived a long shakedown process that began in 1974 when the bureau started collecting suggested queries from governmental departments, local officials, Chambers of Commerce and interest groups. Most recommendations were turned down because, according to the bureau, they did not "justify burdening the American public across the board." The housing industry, for example, wanted to know about the size of cracks in household ceilings; this was rejected because respondents objected strongly to it during tests of sample questionnaires.

The man responsible for sending out the final questionnaires is Census Bureau Director Vincent Barabba. Now on leave from his job as director of market research at Xerox Corp., he had headed the bureau from 1973 to 1976 under the Nixon and Ford Administrations, and was brought back by Carter last June. One major problem he faces is hiring enough enumerators. Though they all are supposed to report to local offices on April 18 for three days of training, last week the bureau was still about 15% short of its recruiting goal.

A number of factors seem to be impeding recruiting. The bureau has set higher standards than usual by seeking thousands of bilingual enumerators. Many married women who used to be anxious to make a few extra dollars by working in the census are no longer available; they now have full- or part-time jobs.

Once the actual survey begins, the most controversial census issue is sure to be accuracy, just as it has been since George Washington's day *(see box)*. In 1970, according to postcensus samplings, an estimated 2.5% of the population was missed. While this would be a tolerable margin of error if it affected all segments of the nation equally, the so-called undercount rate for blacks was 7.7%, while for whites it was only 1.9%.

In the past, some census takers have hesitated to venture deep into the crowded, big-city neighborhoods in which a significant portion of the minority population lives. According to Maynard Jackson, Atlanta's black mayor, his city has been "cheated out of $11.7 million in federal aid and almost 6,000 jobs" because of the 1970 undercount. Congressional experts estimate that each person overlooked by the census could cost a state as much as $200 in funds from Washington.

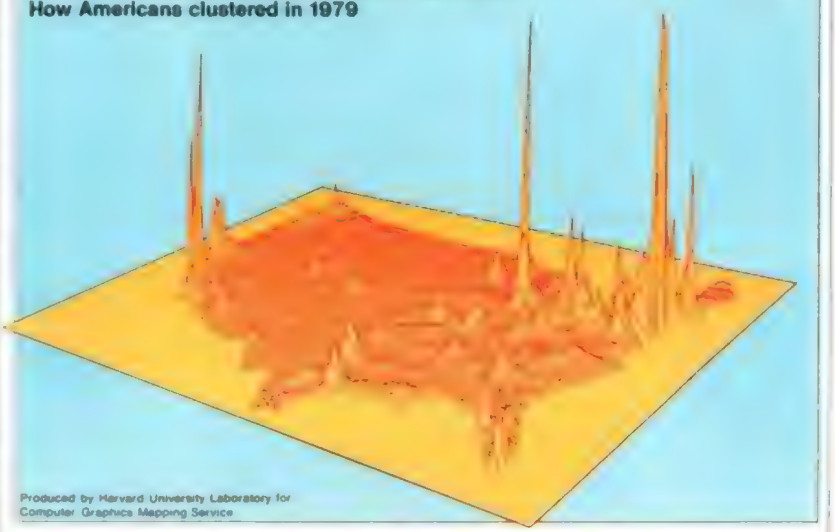
Another challenge will be to count the illegal aliens. Says Barabba: "This is the real nut, probably the most difficult problem we face." Under Article I of the Constitution, the tally must include the "whole number" of persons in each state; the bureau has interpreted this provision to include the illegals.

Because they fear discovery and deportation, illegal aliens are understandably reluctant to cooperate with any Government program. Because so little is known about them, estimates of their population range from 3 million to 12 million. Although the census does not ask if the respondent is in the country legally, the long form does require foreign-born persons to state when they entered the U.S. From such information, the Immigration and Naturalization Service probably could uncover great numbers of the illegals. To overcome the illegals' fear of the census, the bureau insists that no one but sworn census workers will have access to the individual records for 72 years. Bureau officials proudly cite their refusal during World War II to allow the War Department to have the names and addresses of Japanese Americans who had registered in the 1940 census.

Because an accurate count could lead to increased federal aid, minority leaders generally have been enthusiastically backing the census effort. Creek Indian Leader Steadham has been traveling for

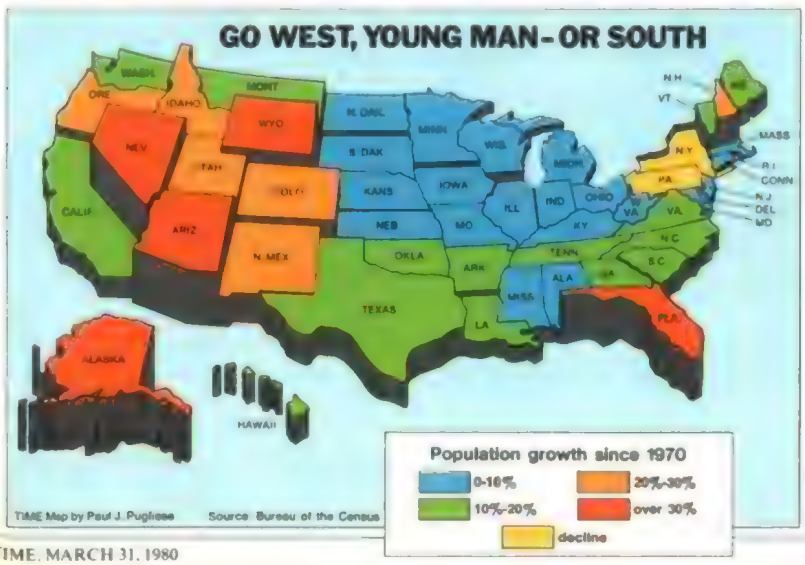
POPULATION PEAKS AND PLAINS

How Americans clustered in 1979



Produced by Harvard University Laboratory for Computer Graphics Mapping Service

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN - OR SOUTH



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese Source: Bureau of the Census

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Nikon: Official 35mm Camera. 1980 Summer Olympic Games

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the Census Bureau through Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee to meet with groups of Indians and explain how the forms must be filled out. Coleman Young, Detroit's black mayor, is appearing in TV ads in that city to reassure his fellow citizens that they have nothing to fear from the survey

Perhaps the greatest effort to get an accurate count has been organized by Hispanic community leaders. The Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund has opened nine offices in Texas, California and Illinois to promote the survey. The New York–based Spanish International Network, which has 41 affiliate Spanish-language stations, is scheduling a 90-minute entertainment extravaganza. As part of the show, Hispanic celebrities will explain each question on the form and fill out a sample answer.

But minority leaders and big-city mayors fear that this will not be enough to avoid a sizable undercount. They complain that the Census Bureau, which has been consulting them, has not followed enough of their advice

The minority leaders' key demand is that the bureau pledge in advance to adjust its official tally if a planned postcensus sampling reveals an undercount. Barabba balks at making such a promise, maintaining that "it is still an open question." One problem is that a detailed adjustment could not be ready by the Jan. 1, 1981, deadline for turning over the tally to the President. Another problem is that totals based partly on a sample could raise legal questions about whether they could be used to reapportion seats for the House of Representatives. But Barabba does not rule out the possibility that some formula for adjustment eventually could be used for allocation of federal funds.

The 1980 census poses other problems. A report by the National Academy of Sciences notes an increase in "married women working outside the home and not so available as before to provide information to the census taker." Worries Deputy Census Director Daniel Levine: "I'm well aware of the fact that we have had Watergate, Koreagate and CIA scandals and that surveys taken outside the Census Bureau suggest that people have less and less trust in their Government."

One group is almost certain to answer questions about their incomes less than candidly: those citizens who do not report their full earnings to the tax collector. The blossoming of America's underground economy means that a lot of income is not going to be accounted for. Admits Levine: "All this does affect the quality of the census. There's no doubt about it." Those who lie or refuse to complete the form could be fined $100

This year even transients and drifters are going to be tracked down. As in previous counts, census forms will be distributed to hotels, rooming houses and campgrounds; enumerators will visit missions, flophouses, all-night cinemas and train and bus stations. For the first time, census takers, often working in pairs for safety, will drop by pool halls, food-stamp centers, employment offices. They will approach vagrants on street corners and ask whether they have already been counted.

Ironically, sampling techniques are so sophisticated that the census is likely to turn up few surprises. The count is expected to show that 221.7 million people live in the U.S.—an increase of 18.5 million over 1970. Because of population shifts, the South and West will gain 14 congressional seats at the expense of the Northeastern and North Central states. The accuracy of these samplings raises another question: Why should the nation bear the expense and bother of a decennial head count at all? Experts generally agree on the need for the census. Says Ben Wattenberg, of the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative Washington think tank: "At some point in this whole statistical system, somebody has got to do a count. Nothing else works unless you have a base number that you can actually, physically verify." The long and arduous effort to obtain this base number begins this week. ■

"Wonderful effect of the appearance of the Census Enumerato," etching circa 1880

Growing Up with the Country

They traveled by foot, boat and horseback through 18 states, districts and territories that stretched from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River. Armed with their own quill pens, the 650 census takers of 1790 spent 18 months counting the American people. The total: 3,929,214. President George Washington, however, suspected an undercount. In a letter to Gouverneur Morris, then U.S. Commissioner to Great Britain, Washington worried about "the indolence of the mass, and want of activity" by many census takers. Proof of the thesis: Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson, who was in charge of the tally, had to sign his own name to the list of citizens posted in Philadelphia.

The 1790 survey asked only six questions of each head of household: name, the numbers of free white males 16 and older, free white males under 16, free white females, other free persons, and slaves. Faced with the prospect of war with Britain, Congress decided to add questions to the 1810 census to measure the country's industrial strength. The alien question surfaced in 1820, when the respondent was asked whether he was a "foreigner not naturalized."

Questions proliferated at such a rate that by 1890 some people had to reply to as many as 470 queries. Were there any "idiots" in the family? If so, were their heads larger or smaller than average? Wisdom prevailed and those obnoxious questions were dropped in 1900. The biggest uproar came in 1940, when the census asked about income for the first time.

As the nation grew, the census marked the changes in American life. For example, the 1920 survey showed that, for the first time, more people were living in urban areas than in the countryside. Despite the shifting population, states were slow to reallocate congressional seats so that each district would have the same average population. The 1960 census dramatically revealed the failing: Georgia's rural Ninth District, for example, had a population of 272,154, while the urban Fifth had 823,680. These figures provided a factual basis for the "one man, one vote" decisions in 1963 and 1964 by the U.S. Supreme Court. They changed congressional and state districting—and the fate of politicians—across the country.

IRAN

A Game Without End

The elections have so far failed to give Banisadr a strong mandate

On the eve of Iran's traditional new year celebrations,* Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini made an uncharacteristically conciliatory gesture. The spiritual leader of Iran's revolution declared an amnesty for everyone accused of collaborating with the deposed Shah's regime except for "murderers, torturers and plunderers." That was good news to tens of thousands of technocrats, industrial managers, professional people and university professors who fled Iran after the overthrow of the Shah. Calling upon the exiles to return home, President Abolhassan Banisadr declared: "It is only here, and nowhere else, that you will find the opportunity to be perfect human beings." But the Ayatullah's ruling, welcome as it was to the exiles and to 70 political prisoners who were immediately released, had no effect on the status of the 50 Americans who have been held hostage for almost five months in the U.S. embassy compound in Tehran.

For them, and for the Carter Administration, the news from Iran is unchanged: discouraging. Banisadr wants a resolution of the hostage crisis to get on with solving his country's enormous economic problems, and Washington had hoped that his moderate supporters would win a majority in the new 270-member *Majlis* (National Assembly). But in the first round of elections, the biggest winner turned out to be the Islamic Republic Party, led by Ayatullah Mohammed Beheshti, who is Banisadr's main political opponent. Of the first 80 seats filled so far, the I.R.P. won 35, and Banisadr's supporters carried only 15. If that trend continues in runoff elections, to be held early next month, the I.R.P. is likely to emerge with the largest single bloc in the Assembly. But many of the non-I.R.P. members, who will probably form a majority, are locked in bitter rivalry with the clerical party and will side with Banisadr on the hostage issue.

President Banisadr makes a point

The first round of voting ended in bitter wrangling. The I.R.P. was accused of cheating by practically all its principal opponents. Minister of State Dariush Forouhar, leader of the Iran Nation Party, resigned his Cabinet post to protest "widespread, shameless fraud." Said he: "I have fought for the principle of fair play all my life. I won't stomach this circus." Last week the ruling Revolutionary Council set up a seven-member commission to look into the allegations of fraud. If the charges prove to be true, said Banisadr, new elections will be held in some constituencies.

Khomeini asked defeated candidates to be good losers and to refrain from making wild accusations. Said he: "It is anti-Islamic to accuse a contender of dishonesty and treachery out of sheer spite." What Khomeini fears, confided a member of the clerical establishment, is that the Assembly will prove to be as destructively divided as the country has been for the past year. Says a Western diplomat: "The Assembly can be a real bedlam. A lot will depend on how Banisadr handles it." Banisadr's authority may actually increase under the new system because he will have a Cabinet of his own choosing, whereas the present, 13-member Revolutionary Council includes many of his most powerful opponents. Says a senior government official: "You cannot operate under the constant threat of being stabbed in the back." Meanwhile, Banisadr is trying to get a firm grip on the institutions of power. As the country's newly appointed commander in chief, he conferred with military leaders about potential threats to Iran. Later, repeating his assertions that the hostage crisis is distracting Iranians from more important matters, he declared: "We are surrounded by hostile forces, and yet we waste our time playing games."

The end of the game is not in sight. Since Khomeini has declared that the *Majlis* should ultimately decide the hos-

Ayatullah Khomeini waves to followers from the balcony of his Tehran residence

"It is anti-Islamic to accuse a contender of dishonesty . . . out of sheer spite."

*A rite of spring in the Zoroastrian tradition, which predates the arrival of Islam in Persia by a thousand years.

tages' fate, there is no chance for their release until well after the new Assembly is convened in late April or early May, and it may take a good deal longer than that. Last week, in asking the International Court of Justice in The Hague to order the hostages freed, State Department Legal Adviser Roberts B. Owen said there was no way of knowing whether the Americans would remain prisoners "for a month, a year or a decade." Owen also described the harsh treatment endured by some of the hostages during the early days of their captivity last fall. They were bound hand and foot and forced to sleep on cold concrete floors without blankets; women were tied to straight-back chairs for 16 hours a day. In one particularly outrageous example of intimidation, an Iranian captor played Russian roulette with a woman captive, but stopped before his pistol killed her. Most of these details, never before disclosed, came from the 13 hostages, blacks and women, who were freed in December.

Adding to the problems of the Carter Administration were signs last week that the patience of the American public was wearing thin. A New York *Times*–CBS News poll reported that the public disapproved of the President's handling of the Iran crisis by 49 to 43; only a month earlier the President had had an approval rating of 63 to 28. Senator Richard Lugar of Indiana, a conservative Republican with close ties to Minority Leader Howard Baker, called for strong action against Iran, including the internment of its diplomats, seizure of Iranian government assets, suspension of trade, and perhaps a naval blockade. Declared Lugar: "We must act on the basis of reality and not wishful thinking."

The Administration has been involved in a reappraisal of its Iran strategy, which at this point amounts to little but wait and hope. America's Western allies are not enthusiastic about an economic boycott, and trade between the U.S. and Iran is virtually nonexistent. A naval blockade of Iran could hurt Western Europe and Japan and cause a further rise in world oil prices. A military rescue mission appears to be a hopeless enterprise.

The probable outcome of the policy review is a reaffirmation of restraint, since the U.S. wants to avoid permanently alienating Banisadr and his allies. Part of the Administration's thinking is based on the firmly held tenet that it is vital to long-term U.S. interests that Iran not fall into the Soviet orbit. Many Iranian officials agree: Defense Minister Mustafa Ali Chamran said that in the event of a Soviet attack Iran would expect the U.S. to come to its aid. The leaders of the revolution in Tehran, moreover, now seem to be taking seriously the Soviet military presence on Iran's borders. Khomeini declared last week that the U.S.S.R. represents as great a threat to his country as the U.S. does; and Banisadr demanded that Moscow withdraw its troops from Afghanistan "as rapidly as possible." ■

Beheshti Flows with the Tide

He is secretary of the ruling Revolutionary Council, president of Iran's Supreme Court and an ayatullah—the highest spiritual title in the Shi'ite branch of Islam. He is, in the view of Western diplomats, an ambitious powerbroker who puts personal gain above political and even religious scruples. And as head of the Islamic Republic Party, the Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, 51, represents the most serious opposition within Iran to President Banisadr. Beheshti, says a senior civil servant in Tehran who knows both men well, "won't let Banisadr sit back and enjoy the job."

Their antagonism is based less on personality than on principle. Despite his Sorbonne education, Banisadr is a devout Muslim layman who believes that the answers to all of Iran's problems can be found in Islam. Despite his clerical robes and title, Beheshti is a wily political pragmatist who uses ideology as a means to power. Twenty years ago, Beheshti was a writer of religious texts for public schools in Iran. A university professor who knew him then recalls that "he never argued with anyone. He seemed to believe that everyone is right." Beheshti has apparently retained that ability to endorse seemingly contradictory views without committing himself to either one. He is an expert equivocator. During a televised debate with critics of the election process, Beheshti somehow managed to parry their points—and then lectured them piously on the need for calm in political debates. Said one acquaintance: "He has always been like that, impossible to nail down."

The opposition leader: in quest of power

Born in Isfahan, the son of a clergyman, Beheshti began his political career in 1965, when three of Iran's ranking ayatullahs nominated him as spiritual leader of a mosque for Iranian immigrants in Hamburg, West Germany. His five years there aroused much criticism from dissident Iranian students, who accused Beheshti of ignoring the Shah's repression and concentrating on purely religious issues. Beheshti insisted that he was writing a book on Islamic government that would clarify his political views, but such a work has yet to see print. While in Hamburg, he would not allow any written criticisms of the Shah to appear in a newspaper published by the Islamic student associations.

Beheshti returned to Iran in 1970, at a time when the Shah was trying to uproot all opposition to his regime. His associates at the time recall that Beheshti remained studiously noncommittal. "Beheshti would never side with anyone," says one clerical colleague. "The man was intelligent, capable, knowledgeable and charismatic, but his politics were cynical." Two years ago, with opposition to the Shah growing, Beheshti finally joined the forces led by the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, which were calling for an end to the monarchy. Yet even then Beheshti attempted to hedge his bets. During the revolution, he tried to ensure that the instruments of the Shah's power—the secret police and the army—would remain intact and would merely shift allegiance to the clerics. He also tried to arrange a meeting between the Shah's last Prime Minister, Shahpour Bahktiar, and Khomeini, but the Ayatullah flatly refused.

As head of the Islamic Republic Party, Beheshti was primarily responsible for forcing the resignation of Iran's first postrevolution Prime Minister, Mehdi Bazargan—who has neither forgiven nor forgotten. Beheshti endorsed the militants' takeover of the U.S. embassy, and supports their refusal to turn the hostages over to the government. Once again, many Iranians believe, Beheshti is motivated less by ideology than by expediency and could well abandon the students if their cause seems lost. Observers note that Beheshti has never allowed the charter of his party to be published. Says one critic: "He does not want to commit himself to a rigid framework of action. He has to move with the tide." And he adds: "We have not seen the end of Beheshti or his party."

DeBakey entering Paitilla Center

EXILES

Shah's Flight

Departure before extradition?

Once again, the deposed Shah of Iran was on the move. On Sunday, a spokesman for Panama's air force said that Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, 60, ailing from an enlarged spleen and a form of lymphatic cancer, had left the country aboard a chartered DC-8. His destination: Cairo, where Egyptian President Anwar Sadat had made an open-ended offer of sanctuary. The Shah's flight from Panama, his home in exile since December, could create internal difficulties for Sadat, whose regime is being criticized by Muslim zealots sympathetic to the Iranian revolution. The departure would also complicate diplomatic efforts to free the 50 Americans held hostage by militants at the U.S. embassy. The day before the Shah's flight, Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh accused former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller of trying to sneak the Shah out of Panama so he could escape extradition. That would have "a disastrous effect in Iran," he said, and would delay the freeing of the hostages

Hamilton Jordan

The Shah left Panama only two days after the arrival of White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler. Ostensibly, they had flown to Panama City to arbitrate a dispute between Panamanian and American surgeons over who should remove the Shah's spleen. Two weeks ago, his international team of physicians had decided that surgery was essential. Flown to Panama City from his home in exile on nearby Contadora Island, the Shah checked into the Paitilla Medical Center, a modern private hospital. At the same time, the Shah's aides summoned Heart Surgeon Michael DeBakey from Houston to perform the operation, which could involve serious cardiovascular complications. When DeBakey arrived in Panama City with five assistants, he was barred from operating. Panamanian doctors at the Paitilla Center explained that their medical and national sensibilities had been deeply offended. They would not serve as "medical gofers," or errand boys, to the Yankee surgeon from Texas, they said. One official government newspaper, *Critica*, even commended the local doctors for having "courageously defended Panamanian sovereignty."

Early last week, a doctor at the clinic said that because the Shah was suffering from a cold the operation had been postponed. In Washington, meanwhile, President Carter issued a careful understatement: "We have a great deal of interest in the Shah's having available to him adequate medical care." DeBakey denied there had been any controversy with the Panamanian doctors.

But some of his Texas colleagues reportedly expressed the alarmist view to the State Department that the Paitilla Center lacked the equipment and support personnel needed for the spleen operation. Several of the doctors are said to have advised removal of the Shah to a large U.S. medical center, or at least to Gorgas Hospital, a well-equipped American military hospital in the former Canal Zone. On his flight to Panama, Jordan and Cutler were accompanied by an as yet unnamed physician, selected by the White House. Nonetheless, an Administration spokesman insisted at week's end that there were no plans to admit the monarch to Gorgas or fly him to the U.S.

The Shah's future was threatened not only by failing health but by the Iranian government's continuing efforts to extradite him for trial. Last week a French attorney representing the Tehran regime flew to Panama with a 450-page demand for the Shah's extradition. According to Juan Materno Vásquez, a former Panamanian Supreme Court Justice who is Iran's counsel in Panama, the law requires the Shah's arrest as soon as the document is filed at the Foreign Ministry. Although the prospect of arrest seemed unlikely, the Panamanian government clearly regarded the ailing monarch as an embarrassment, and wished he would go away. On Sunday, that wish was fulfilled. ■

ITALY

The 38th Crisis

Another government falls

Bus No. 991 chugged along its early morning run from Monte Mario to Piazza del Risorgimento with 50 office-bound passengers aboard. As it paused in traffic near an open-air fruit-and-vegetable stand, a mustached, black-haired youth steadied his revolver on the shoulder of an old woman passenger and fired seven times. Three of the bullets hit their mark: Appeals Court Judge Girolamo Minervini, 61, was killed instantly

That shooting in downtown Rome, carried out by a member of the dreaded Red Brigades, was one of three brazen assassinations of Italian judicial officials last week. Terrorists also gunned down noted Jurist Guido Galli in a corridor of Milan University and killed State Prosecutor Nicola Giacumbi as he walked home with his wife in Salerno. The resurgence of terrorist violence (18 victims this year) has heightened national tensions to a more alarmed level than at any other time since the kidnap-murder of Politician Aldo Moro nearly two years ago. Last week public morale received a further blow when the minority Christian Democratic government of Premier Francesco Cossiga collapsed and plunged the country into what Rome politicians call a *crisi al buio:* a crisis in the dark. It was the 38th government to fall in the past 35 years

Cossiga's Cabinet, born as a stopgap "government of truce" after last summer's inconclusive national election, caved in

Cossiga on his way to submit resignation

"This is strictly a game of chance."

after the Socialists announced that they would no longer keep it afloat by abstaining on key votes.* Cossiga did not bother to go through the formality of a vote of confidence. After a brief parliamentary debate, he routinely visited the Quirinale Palace to submit his resignation; just as routinely, President Alessandro Pertini asked him to stay on as caretaker.

The downfall of Cossiga's seven-month-old government, however, was lamented more than most. A first-time Premier who had served as Interior Minister during the Moro affair, the scholarly, multilingual Cossiga, 51, turned out to be unexpectedly engaging and energetic. In Parliament he managed to put across a comparatively tough package of antiterrorist legislation, and despite Communist opposition, won approval for basing NATO's new, intermediate-range nuclear cruise missiles on Italian soil.

In recent weeks, however, it became evident that not even a government as agile as Cossiga's could long survive. Not only was there a new surge of terrorism, but the country was also shaken by a major financial-political scandal, culminating in the arrest of 39 prominent bankers and businessmen on charges of embezzlement and other irregularities. Italy has Western Europe's highest inflation rate (21.7%); unemployment stands at 7.7%. A rash of labor strikes has disrupted transport, newspaper and hotel services and left the streets of Italy's major cities piled high with uncollected garbage.

The country's political stalemate was compounded when the Christian Democrats, after four years of flirtatious "dialogue" with Communist Party Chief Enrico Berlinguer, voted in a new, hard-line party leadership at a national council this month. Its first commitment: no further dealings that might lead to the so-called historic compromise of Communist entry into the government. With that, burly, ambitious Socialist Leader Bettino Craxi found himself compelled to deliver the *coup de grâce*. Reason: his own troublesome left wing strongly favors a Communist presence in the government.

At week's end, President Pertini asked Cossiga to try to form a new government. He accepted the mandate with an understandable lack of enthusiasm. "As of today, no governing formula has emerged," he had told aides. "This is strictly a game of chance." Whether or not he succeeds, the three major parties will undoubtedly find some way of avoiding an alternative that none favors: new national elections. Both the Socialists and Christian Democrats are divided on the issue of Communists in the government. Meanwhile, Berlinguer's party is showing signs of discord over his moderate policies and charges by ultraleftists that Communism has become part of the Italian establishment. ■

*In the 630-seat Chamber of Deputies, the Christian Democrats have 262, the Communists 201, the Socialists 62; remaining seats are split among nine smaller parties.

EL SALVADOR

The Orgy of Violence Goes On

Strikes, battles and executions in a week of bloodshed

One of the most densely populated countries in Central America, El Salvador has been caught up in a deadly spiral of violence that threatens to tear the country apart, much as it did neighboring Nicaragua. So far this year, at least 700 people have been killed—more than in all 1979. Last week was a particularly bloody one. It began with a call for a 24-hour general strike by leftists who hope to bring down the country's ruling junta. Troops and police battled guerrillas in a daylong orgy of violence in the capital, San Salvador, that left, by official count, 53 dead, with unofficial estimates running well over 100. The heaviest confrontation took place at the national university, where four leftist organizations have their headquarters. The soldiers did not invade the sprawling campus, which is off limits to government forces, but ultra-rightists did slip onto the campus at night to plant small bombs and rake buildings with machine-gun fire.

And that was only the beginning. A dozen guerrillas were reported killed after attacking an army patrol near the airport. Ten bodies of people who had been kidnaped and executed by right-wing death squads were found on the shores of Lake Ilopango. Twelve others, including five high school students, were gunned down by machine-gun fire from a passing car in random violence.

Ever since the overthrow of Military Dictator Carlos Humberto Romero by a group of junior army officers last October, the civilian-military junta has been powerless to halt the violence. In an attempt to prevent civil war, the present governing junta of two colonels and three civilians, including the respected longtime leader of the Christian Democratic Party, José Napoleon Duarte, ordered up a two-pronged plan of radical reform. To the shock and dismay of the country's small oligarchy, it called for a first-stage expropriation of 70% of the nation's most productive land from large estates, many held by absentee landowners; the confiscated properties would be turned into state-run rural cooperatives. At the same time, a series of decrees nationalized the banking system, giving the state 51% interest in each of the ten banks and laying down the guidelines for eventual employee ownership of minority shares.

Soldiers arresting suspected leftists at the university in San Salvador

A bold reform plan designed to prevent a Nicaragua-style civil war.

The reforms have been staunchly backed by the Carter Administration, which two weeks ago acted to forestall a right-wing military coup against the junta. Part of a $50 million U.S. aid package has been earmarked to help get the program off the ground. Still, the reforms have been criticized both by the right, which called them "Communist-inspired," and by the left, which said they were merely "cosmetic." Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, an outspoken opponent of the regime, fears that the junta will use the reforms as an excuse to crack down even more ruthlessly on leftist sympathizers among the peasants. The junta, meanwhile, anticipating violence, announced a "state of siege," suspending constitutional rights, and deployed troops around banks and the largest farms scheduled for expropriation. ■

Guardians against instability: Tanzanian troops on patrol in Kampala

UGANDA

Like the Wild, Wild West

Chaos, starvation, corruption—and no security

One year ago, Tanzanian troops and Ugandan rebels marched into Kampala, ousting Idi Amin Dada's despotic regime. Today Uganda remains mired in chaos, burdened with a shattered economy and facing famine. Last week Tanzania prepared to withdraw half of the 20,000-man army that has been the only reliable security force in the country since Amin's downfall, paving the way for yet more political turmoil. TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White reports on the crumbling nation that Big Daddy left behind:

At dusk, as the resident flying mammals that give Kampala's Bat Valley Bar and Restaurant its name soar screeching into the sky, customers down their last sip of $20-a-bottle beer and head for the safety of home. Long before the 10 p.m. curfew, when the crackle of machine guns begins to reverberate across the seven hills of Uganda's capital, no sane person is on the streets. Not even hospitalized patients are safe from attack. Last week unidentified gunmen barged into a ward of Kampala's Mulago Hospital and seriously wounded Businessman Gaster Nsubuga, who was being treated for injuries suffered in a previous attack. Says a Western diplomat: "This place is like the wild, wild West."

Apart from safety, the biggest problem facing Ugandans is finding enough to eat. The food shortage is most acute in the rural northeast, where U.N. officials estimate that 136,000 people are on the verge of starvation. Savage Karamojong tribesmen, armed with Kalashnikov automatic rifles looted from one of Amin's arsenals, raid villages and harass the missionary outposts where relief food and medicine are distributed. Famine may eventually hit Kampala, where many workers earn 500 shillings ($68) or less a month, barely enough to purchase three bunches of green bananas, the staple of the diet. Complains a Kampala housewife: "Prices were never this high under Amin."

To make ends meet, virtually every Ugandan has resorted to cheating. Cab drivers charge 1,000 shillings for the 21-mile drive from Kampala to Entebbe airport, ten times the fare a year ago. Clerks at government-controlled stores routinely consign salt, sugar and other commodities to the black market, where they sell for many times the official price. Coffee, Uganda's biggest cash crop, is smuggled into neighboring Burundi, which last year exported more than twice the quantity of coffee beans it harvested in its own fields. Says a Ugandan clergyman: "I don't know if our people will ever be honest again."

Despite these difficulties, roly-poly President Godfrey Binaisa boasts that "the country is making a very spectacular recovery. We are making wonderful progress in all areas of human endeavor." In fact, the country is no more secure than Binaisa's own shaky position as Uganda's second post-Amin Head of State. Since taking over from Yusufu Lule, his ousted predecessor, eight months ago, he has barely survived several no-confidence motions brought by his rivals in the country's interim parliament, the 129-member National Consultative Council. The main reason he has stayed in office seems to be that the N.C.C., whose 28 rival political factions range from hard-line Marxists to supporters of the deposed Baganda monarchy, has been unable to agree on who should replace him.

Most of the demands for Binaisa's resignation involve charges that he has done little or nothing to root out entrenched government corruption. Last month Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, whose troops did most of the fighting in the war against Amin, dispatched his Foreign Minister, Ben Mkapa, to Kampala with a harsh message: Tanzanians had not shed their blood and emptied their treasury so that Ugandan politicians could line their pockets and fight among themselves. By early March Nyerere had apparently become fed up with the continued political infighting. He was also annoyed that Binaisa's aides put all the blame on his troops for a series of violent clashes between the Tanzanians and Ugandan villagers. He summoned Binaisa to Dar es Salaam and told him bluntly that Tanzania would withdraw half of its troops by the end of the month and the remainder before December. Binaisa is unsure about the loyalty of the new Ugandan army, which placed its first 5,700 troops on active duty last week, and is worried by reports that an armed faction loyal to former President Apolo Milton Obote —Nyerere's next-door neighbor in Dar es Salaam since he was ousted by Amin in a 1971 coup—was massing in the north. Thus Binaisa asked Kenya's President Daniel Arap Moi for troops to replace the departing Tanzanians. But Moi, whose country has been at odds with Tanzania since the breakdown of the East African Community in 1977, turned Binaisa down.

The suddenness of the Tanzanian withdrawal has led to speculation that Nyerere was trying to set the stage for the return to power of his old friend Obote. No sooner had Nyerere announced that his men were leaving than Obote proclaimed that he would return to Uganda to run for re-election as soon as the date of the vote was announced. Said Obote: "The only issue in the election is whether you are pro- or anti-Tanzanian." Obote's threat merely adds to Uganda's uncertain future. Most Western diplomats believe that instability will last until the country has an elected government with a strong mandate. Binaisa said last week that national elections, originally scheduled for June 1981, might be held by November of this year. Until then, Uganda is likely to stumble from crisis to crisis. Says one Westerner in Kampala: "You don't rebuild a national sense of unity after eight years of rule by Idi Amin. This could be a beautiful country once people learn to trust each other again. Until then, all you can do is weep for Uganda." ■

MITSUBISHI

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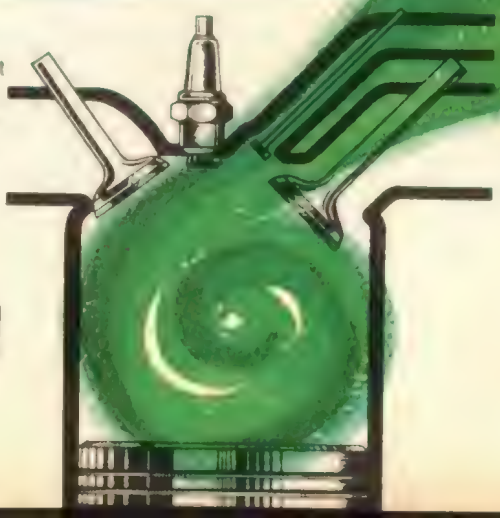

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TAIWAN

Fair Trial

Free speech and baby eels

Weeks before the start of a sedition trial of seven political opponents of Taiwan's one-party regime, human rights activists predicted that the hearing would be a travesty of justice. Leading U.S. law professors, scholars and writers fired off protests and pleas for leniency to Taiwanese President Chiang Ching-kuo. Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark denounced the "brutal use of martial law."

Yet when proceedings began last week, it turned out to be the most open and, thus far, the fairest trial before a military court to take place in Taiwan's judicial history. Overriding conservative opposition in his government, President Chiang took the unusual step of opening the trial to the press, to the defendants' families and to two representatives of Amnesty International, the London-based human rights organization. Also present were two observers from the American Institute in Taiwan, the organization that has unofficially represented the U.S. on the island since Washington recognized Peking as the legitimate government of China 15 months ago.

Last week's proceedings bore little resemblance to previous sedition trials in Taiwan, which had been summary affairs, consisting of a reading of the charges, followed inevitably by a verdict of guilty. This time the defendants were represented by a team of able defense lawyers. The chief of the five-member panel of military judges gave the accused ample opportunity to refute charges that they had attempted to overthrow the government with the help of subversive organizations abroad. Some defendants eloquently expressed their aspirations for democratic reform in Taiwan. The island's many daily newspapers were permitted to publish the defendants' speeches in detailed and uncensored accounts of each day's proceedings. As a result, Taiwan's 17 million citizens have been able to read far more open criticism of the ruling Kuomintang regime than is ordinarily permitted. Observed one Chinese intellectual: "The trial is less a real legal proceeding than an unprecedented political debate."

The charges against the defendants stem from their association with *Formosa*, a now banned magazine that had called for representative elections, free speech and an end to martial law, which was imposed in 1948 as an anti-Communist measure. Moreover, *Formosa* had been sympathetic to the aspirations of native Taiwanese who desire a greater voice in the island's government, which has been dominated for three decades by mainland Chinese in the Kuomintang Party.

Formosa was tolerated for several months by the authorities and even allowed to hold about a dozen indoor rallies in various cities across the island. But the magazine was banned in a sweeping crackdown against the opposition last December. The crunch came when *Formosa's* leaders organized a rally in the city of Kaohsiung. The rally turned into the bloodiest riot in two decades; 183 policemen were reported injured.

Huang (left) and fellow defendant in dock

An unprecedented political debate.

Still, the prosecution's evidence at the trial appeared weak as it tried to prove that defendants, under the cover of *Formosa*, had intentionally provoked violence in Kaohsiung as part of a long-range plan to overthrow the government. *Formosa's* publisher, Huang Hsin-chieh, 52, was specifically charged with attempting to smuggle $14,000 worth of baby eels from the mainland for the purpose of financing seditious activities. Huang denied being an eel trafficker, and convincingly argued that his only goal as *Formosa's* publisher was to build a legitimate opposition party in Taiwan whose function would be to "spur the government to improve."

The trial, which is expected to end this week, revealed the unsavory police methods that have been used on the island. For example, Huang told how interrogators had extracted a false confession from him by keeping him awake for 50 to 60 hours at a stretch. Whether Huang and his co-defendants are found guilty or not, that disclosure of psychological torture was likely to linger in the memory of would-be dissidents in Taiwan. ■

DIPLOMACY

Big Scare

Infected meat or a weapon?

Two things that seem to be causing the Carter Administration continuing woe these days are 1) overreacting and 2) sending out conflicting signals, especially where the Soviet Union is concerned. Consider the big anthrax scare.

Last week a State Department spokesman announced that there were "disturbing indications" that the Soviets might have violated the terms of the 1972 Biological Weapons Convention, which bans the production and stockpiling of germ-warfare weapons. As evidence, the spokesman cited a mysterious epidemic last spring that apparently killed hundreds of people in Sverdlovsk, a city of 1.2 million some 850 miles from Moscow. The rapid spread of the infection led U.S. intelligence analysts to suspect that the cause was anthrax, a deadly bacterial disease, and that the contamination could not have come from natural sources. Thus, according to State, the epidemic "may have resulted from inadvertent exposure of the populace to a biological-warfare agent" from a nearby factory manufacturing banned weapons.

The U.S. requested additional information from Moscow and expressed its concern to the Soviets at an 87-nation conference in Geneva that was reviewing compliance with the treaty. The Soviets first responded by admitting an outbreak of anthrax in Sverdlovsk. Moscow's explanation: mishandling of infected animal carcasses. A State Department spokesman described the explanation as "plausible." But later, senior department officials declared they were still not satisfied with Moscow's response.

The Soviets did not let the matter rest. The news agency TASS charged that the U.S. had put forward these "brazen anti-Soviet forgeries" as an excuse for stockpiling biological weapons of its own. And at the Geneva conference, the Kremlin's delegate dismissed Western suspicions about the anthrax outbreak as "symptoms of another epidemic disease, namely anti-Soviet hysteria" inspired by the invasion of Afghanistan.

Earlier in the week, U.S. officials made known their concern over Italy's sale to Iraq of equipment that might be used in the development of an atomic bomb. Again, something seemed amiss. It turned out that the U.S. had been aware of the sale since 1978, and that the item, a lead-shielded cubicle known as a "hot cell," is standard equipment in most nuclear laboratories. Officials in Rome speculated that word about American displeasure with the deal had been leaked at this time because Italian support for the tough U.S. position on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has been less than wholehearted. ■

Transporting Chemicals Safely

What we're doing to help protect you and your family

To meet America's needs, U.S. chemical producers ship millions of tons of chemicals every year—some of them potentially hazardous. All but a small fraction arrive without incident. Still, we're not satisfied. Here are some of the steps we're taking to move chemicals even more safely:

1.
More safety training

We've intensified training programs for chemical workers, and the results are good. Today, chemical workers are far safer *on* the job than *off*. We've also extended this training to truck and rail carrier employees.

2.
Stronger tank cars

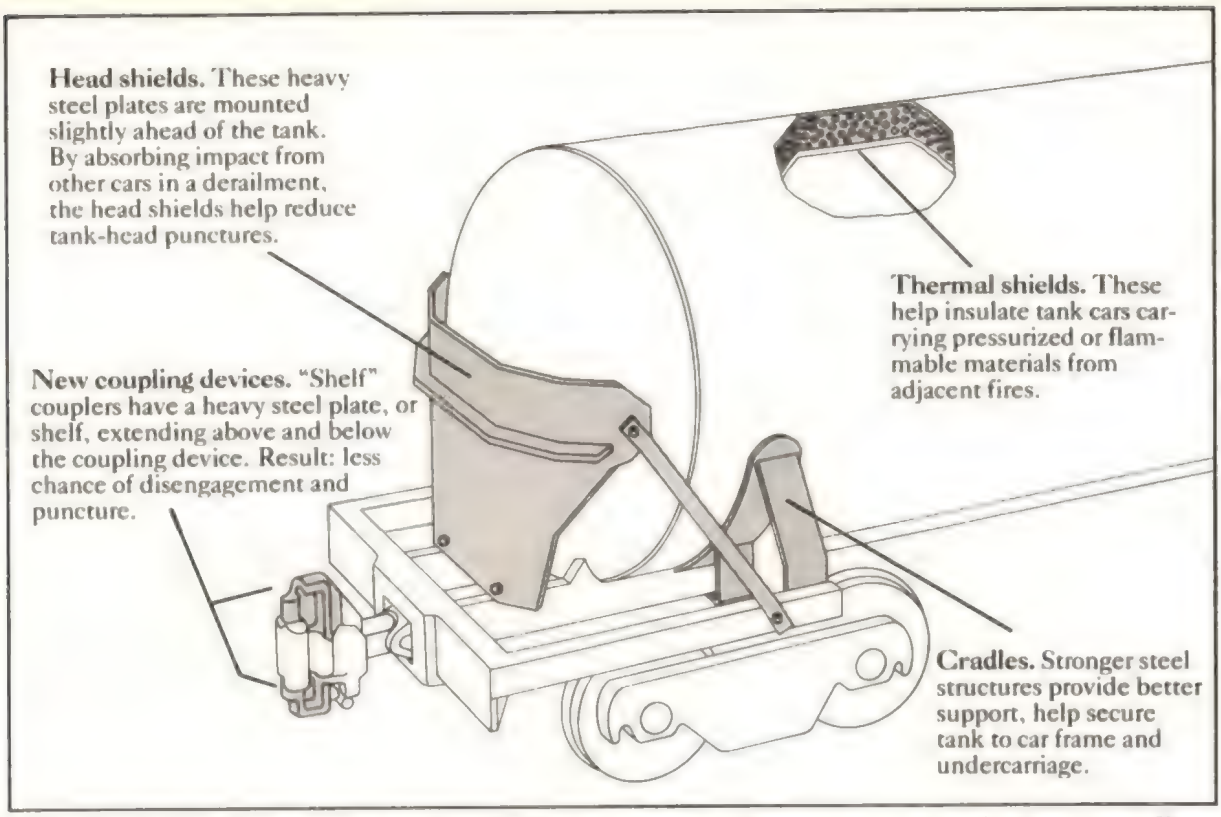
Working with railroads and the government, the chemical industry is equipping tank cars for transporting flammable compressed gases with safety devices to make them more resistant to damage. These devices include things like solid steel "head shields" that help prevent rupture in case of collision. "Thermal shields" that resist heat buildup in fires. "Shelf" couplers to help prevent puncture in case of derailment. (See illustration at right.)

3.
Better warning signs

Placards with basic information on shipping hazards are now posted on tank cars and on tank trucks. To improve these placards, we support the addition of United Nations identification numbers. These numbers could then be used for quick reference to an emergency response guide now being prepared by the United States Government.

4.
Upgraded emergency response

In 1971, we set up a 24-hour emergency response center called CHEMTREC. Since then, we have continually expanded and improved the system. When an accident occurs at any hour of the day or night, a single toll-free



Many chemical tank cars are now equipped with safety devices to lessen the severity of rail accidents. Four of these devices are shown above.

phone call brings immediate safety information. Then CHEMTREC calls the chemical manufacturer, who provides expert guidance on how to minimize the risk of handling the emergency.

5. Expanded Police and Fire Department Programs

When a transportation accident occurs, local police and fire personnel are the first to deal with it. So the chemical industry offers a training program to show how various kinds of chemical emergencies should be handled. Some chemical companies even run true-to-life drills in which firemen learn how to put out actual chemical fires. This program is now being greatly expanded in cooperation with the U.S. railroad industry.

What you've read here is just a beginning. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to transport chemicals safely, write to: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. AT-03, 1825 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

MIDDLE EAST

"Whose Land Is This?"

Hebron symbolizes a bitter Arab-Jewish conflict

Even as the U.S. was renewing its effort to get Israel and Egypt together on an autonomy agreement for the occupied territories, tensions were running high in a West Bank town that has become a symbol of the problem. Situated in the Judean hills 20 miles southwest of Jerusalem, Hebron is an ancient site revered by both Jews and Muslims. Jews believe it was the burial place of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Muslims also revere Abraham as a prophet and call the town Al-Khalil (Friend of God) after him.

After Hebron was captured by Israel in the 1967 war, a Jewish settlement, Qiryat Arba, was established on its outskirts. Now Jews are pressing to settle in the heart of Hebron, where a small Jewish quarter existed until many of its inhabitants were massacred during riots by Palestinian Arabs in 1929. Israeli squatters have taken over one building and are threatening to move into others. But the two communities—4,000 Jews and 50,000 Arabs—seem unable to coexist in peace. TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Dean Fischer and Correspondent David Halevy recently visited Hebron. Their report:

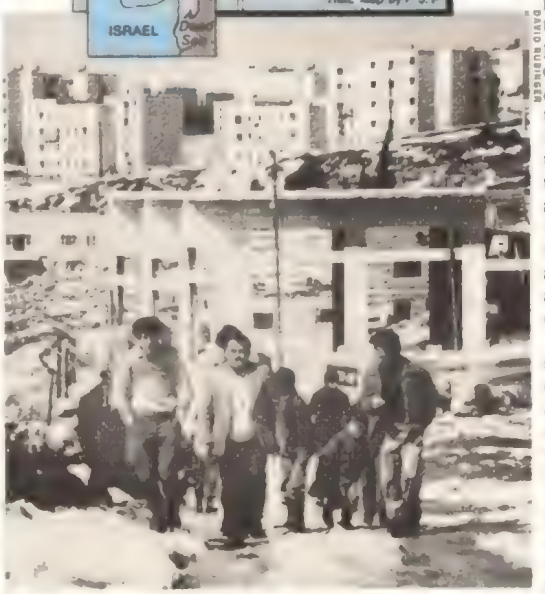
"I'm waiting for God. The Bible says, 'To you I will give this land, to you and to your seed, afterward to the end of time.' " Her blue eyes blazing, Miriam Levinger, incongruously clad in an army fatigue jacket, blue skirt and blue bedroom slippers, stood outside the former Hadassah clinic in the old Jewish quarter of Hebron. Behind her, in a stone building surrounded by barbed wire and patrolled by Israeli soldiers, Jewish women who joined Mrs. Levinger in her "occupation" of the building nearly a year ago hung up laundry under the basement arches.

The squatters in Hebron are followers of Miriam's husband, Rabbi Moshe Levinger, a leader of the Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful) movement. Levinger, who lives in Qiryat Arba, spearheads the extremist drive to populate the West Bank with Jewish settlers. He and his followers believe it is the "divine right" of Jews to settle anywhere in the land of biblical Israel.

Levinger was the founder of Qiryat Arba. Shortly after the 1967 war, he led a group of his followers, posing as Swiss tourists, to Hebron, where they squatted in the Park Hotel until the Labor government of Premier Levi Eshkol gave them permission to settle in a nearby military encampment. Once their presence was established, the squatters pushed for permanent quarters. In due course, Qiryat Arba, a fortress-like project of high-rise apartments, shops, synagogues and schools, was built by the government at a cost of $50 million.

Bowing to renewed pressure from the settlers, Israel's Cabinet last month approved a resolution allowing for Jewish settlement in Hebron and in other Arab towns, but the Cabinet has been split on how it should be carried out. Impatient with the delay, Levinger's people are now threatening to occupy vacant houses in Hebron. Premier Menachem Begin has said the squatters are violating the law, but he has not ordered the army to evict them. On the contrary, army reservists stand guard outside the occupied Hadassah clinic round the clock to protect the squatters. Some of the soldiers dislike the duty. Said one reservist: "I vomit twice a day because I have to be here to protect these crazy bastards."

In fact, settlers from Qiryat Arba regularly intimidate Arab residents of Hebron, secure in the knowledge that the government will not crack down on them.



Qiryat Arba towers behind a street scene in Hebron

Scarcely a week passes without an incident of vandalism.

Scarcely a week passes without some incident of vandalism or vigilantism. Grape vines of Arab villagers are cut. The tires of Arab-owned vehicles are slashed and windows smashed. Gun-wielding Israelis invade the houses of Hebron residents, threatening and terrorizing them. At the Haram al-Khalil Mosque, built on the site where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are believed to have been buried, Jews disrupt the prayers of devout Muslims.

Early this year, a Jewish seminary student was murdered in Hebron's casbah, presumably by Arab assailants. Following the murder, the Israeli army clamped a ten-day curfew on the center of Hebron. But it was a discriminatory curfew. While Arab residents were confined to their homes, Jewish settlers, armed with rifles and pistols, strolled through the streets.

In one particularly ugly incident, some 20 armed men stormed the house of two stonecutters, Abdel Aziz Idris and his brother Hussein. Every window in their house, which they had built themselves, was broken. The Idris children and Abdel's pregnant wife were beaten before an Israeli army patrol arrived to rescue them. The Idrises do not know why they were targeted. "We enjoyed good neighborly relations," says Abdel Idris, "but after the murder of the Israeli youth, we were told again and again, 'If you won't leave your home, we shall beat you up.' " Counters Zeev Friedman, the newly elected head of Qiryat Arba, who lives only 250 yds. away: "This is part of a struggle between two families—Jews and Arabs. We cannot accept an attack on us without a response."

The Begin government's rush to create new settlements in the West Bank has drawn fire in Israel as well as abroad. Earlier this month, 20,000 Israeli farmers demonstrated outside the Knesset, demanding that the government spend less money on settlements and more on the country's economically depressed agriculture. Other Israelis criticize the settlement policy as a *de facto* annexation of the occupied territories. The West Bank, argues Meir Merhav, economics editor of the Jerusalem *Post*, "is to be carved up by a grid of roads, settlements and strongholds into a score of little Bantustans so that [the Palestinians] shall never coalesce again into a contiguous area that can support autonomous, let alone independent, existence."

The Palestinians point to the settlements policy as proof that the current autonomy talks are a sham, and that their refusal to participate is justified. "Whose land is this?" asked Hebron's Arab mayor, Fahd Qawasmi. "The Israelis announce this is their land. The U.S. says settlements are illegal. But the American government gives more and more money to Israel. Israel then builds more and more settlements. And they want me to be a party to the autonomy negotiations!" ■

Sexology, Squalor and No "Bac"

The perils of "openness" at France's Vincennes campus

The weekly *Paris Match* calls it "that big pimple." Minister for the Universities Alice Saunier-Seïté claims that a "horse registered and was accepted." The place, she has declared, "has become a forbidden city where drugs are sold openly for the Paris region." In fact she once sputtered to a Communist senator, "It is what will become of all France if you ever come to power. Vincennes is *Italy!*"

The subject of these remarks is France's first great experiment in open admissions education, the "University of Paris VIII," better known as Vincennes because it is housed in the former royal hunting forest at the eastern end of the Paris Métro line. Even when Vincennes opened in 1970, the campus was Sixties

ANDANSON—SYGMA

Pierre Merlin, president of Vincennes, besieged by leftist students in his office

Drugs on the market, a "registered" horse and a plea not to dismantle "the zoo."

Squalid. Today the school is an ill-repaired set of buildings and classrooms with barely a wall not defaced by leftist posters or spray-painted slogans: SHAH ASSASSIN! I HATE COPS. SOLIDARITY WITH NICARAGUA.

Last week something new had been added. Fresh spray-painted signs on the walls declared: KEEP VINCENNES IN VINCENNES and NO TO DISMANTLING OUR ZOO. The latest watchwords were responses to the sudden resignation of Vincennes' beleaguered president, Pierre Merlin, 42, and the renewed determination of the French government to cut down the university's size by moving it to the working-class Paris suburb of Saint-Denis.

Vincennes was a stepchild of the university reforms that followed the French student rebellion of 1968. Its original purpose was to help break the French university system of its traditional and often rigid emphasis on formal, elitist-oriented training. Accordingly the new school offered such courses as History of Cinema, Sexology, and Third World Economics and Politics, shocking to conservative French educators. Most revolutionary of all, Vincennes, alone among French universities, dispensed with the usual entrance requirement, the dread "bac" (*baccalauréat* degree), more or less the equivalent of two years of U.S. college. By admitting non-bacs and having a fluid schedule, Vincennes intended to allow workers with full-time jobs to attend the university.

To some extent the experiment fulfilled its promise. Over the years enrollment grew from 8,000 to 32,000. Today more than 40% of the students hold full-time jobs outside class. But the school's open admissions policy and popular courses proved its undoing, for it attracted not just serious worker-students, but dropouts, misfits and foreigners (mostly Africans) who could not meet the regular standards in other French universities.

France's educational system is one of the nation's proudest possessions. According to 1977 studies, only 21.5% of all students aged 18 to 23 in France go on to higher education (as against 45.5% in the U.S.), but so far, except at Vincennes, France has had little diploma devaluation. The doings at Vincennes stirred conservative ire, and the French government made political capital by announcing that it would move the Vincennes campus this June. Resistance came from students and Vincennes President Merlin, who has struggled long and manfully against the school's drug problems and the politicization of the campus.

Last week, the day after students held him prisoner in his office for 13 hours for charging six foreign students with using false identity papers, President Merlin abruptly resigned. It was not the indignity, he explained. It was the fact that "a majority of the students had failed to react against ultraleftists who are destroying Vincennes." With his departure, the move to Saint-Denis seems inevitable. ■

Milk *vs.* Cream?

Acute discovery from 1928

Which of the following is the best synonym for acute: pretty, austere, chilly, sharp? One hundred such austere, even chilly, questions were administered 50 years ago to University of Minnesota freshmen; they were also asked to answer questions based on about 40 short reading samples. The freshmen did pretty well: 60% were sharp (or acute) enough to get a score of 26 or better on the vocabulary test. Fifty years later, the man who devised the 1928 Minnesota test, Alvin C. Eurich, 77, now president of the nonprofit Academy for Educational Development, decided to give the very same exam to modern Minnesota freshmen. The results, announced last week: the 1978 students did worse than their counterparts of 1928. Only half scored at least 26 on the vocabulary portion of the exam. Worse, only 19% scored above 20 on a speed-reading exam, a standard that nearly half of the 1928 students had met.

Altogether, Eurich estimates, the 1978 freshmen read no better than 1928 high school seniors. "Students today have greater difficulty in understanding what they read," he says. "Instructors have to adapt to a lower level of reading ability in the texts they assign and the amount they can expect students to cover." Indeed, in 1928, roughly half of Minnesota high school students studied Latin or another foreign language, and they learned to cope with knotty classic texts. Today Latin is offered in only 16 of the state's 600 secondary schools, and English courses are less structured and demanding. There is another big difference between then and now. In 1928, observes Don Johansen, the state's supervisor of secondary education, only about 12% of the college-age population went to college. About half a century later, that figure is estimated at 45.5%. College, says Johansen, "is no longer only for the cream of the crop. In this study, we're comparing 1978 milk to 1928 cream." In 1978 as in 1928, the University of Minnesota accepted for admission any graduate of a Minnesota high school. ■

Time Essay

On Reimagining America

In 1835 the inevitable Alexis de Tocqueville called America *une feuille blanche*, a blank page, upon which history waited to be written. History has been scribbling away ever since. So have generations of traveling writers. It became a sort of religious obligation, like the Muslim hadj, for European journalists, geniuses and hacks to make their way to the New World and there test their sensibilities upon the peppy and savage Nova Zembla that interrupted Columbus on his way to the Orient.

America has always been a splendid subject—and a fat target. For years in the 19th century, visiting writers could not decide whether the Americans were a vigorous new race, the future's masters, or an interesting breed of chimps. English writers were especially bemused. They arrived the way an ex-wife might visit the home of a remarried husband, some years after a messy divorce: the ex-wife, dressed to kill, encases her maddened curiosity in a ladylike frost. She *notices* things brutally, and repeats them when she gets home. Mrs. Frances Trollope reported back to England in 1832 that Americans gorge their food with "voracious rapidity"; they swill, guzzle, spit and pick their teeth with pocket knives. In Cincinnati, she related, cows are nonchalantly milked at the house door (a predecessor, no doubt, of the great American custom of home delivery), and pigs enjoy such citizenship that they wander at will, rooting in the street garbage and nuzzling pedestrians with their moist snouts. Americans seldom declined to provide a bounteous native rubery for the satirist to exercise his superciliousness upon: according to Henry Adams, Ulysses S. Grant once told a young woman in all seriousness that Venice would be a lovely city if only it could be drained.

Illustration for TIME by Stan Mack

Foreign interpreters arrived like immigrant waves. One of the earliest, and still the genius of the genre, was Tocqueville. He saw beyond livestock and table manners; he viewed democracy with an eerily clairvoyant eye. Half a century later came Lord Bryce, whose *American Commonwealth* (1888) still runs a respectable second. But the visitors have rarely been that wise or objective. The interpretation of America has always been a species of self-discovery—and self-indulgence. The English novelist E.M. Forster said that America is like life because "you can usually find in it what you look for." A man did not even have to be there to conjure up the promise and marvel; from dark, medieval Prague, Kafka imagined his *Amerika*. He believed that everyone there always, invariably, was smiling.

America is—or was at one time—a continental mood ring, a subject sufficiently vast and enigmatic in its newness to accommodate the most extravagant fantasies. The republic of the questing amateur, because it had no prehistory (for white men), none of the cultural grids grooved by the centuries into old lands, yielded itself to an interminable amateurism of interpretation. Americans were a race of Adams rolling west across Eden, blowing the heads off rattlesnakes with their revolvers.

The great American blank page filled up as cargoes of adjectives spilled out upon it: primitive, hostile, desolate, vacant, dazing, Edenic, blessed, obstreperous, eagle-screaming, slave-driving, egalitarian, myth-stained, rapacious, naive, improvisational, hospitable, dangerous, destined, sanctimonious, shrewd, sentimental, quick, profligate, protean, complacent, oblivious, uncultured, venal, generous, banal, violent, abstracted, insecure, guilt-stricken, self-lacerating, tolerant, ultimately indefinable and sometimes nice: America.

In *Imagining America* (Oxford University Press; $12.95), English Cultural Critic Peter Conrad has assembled a fascinating collection of English writers' visions of the New World. Conrad tours the works of Charles Dickens and Anthony and Frances Trollope, of that bird of paradise Oscar Wilde and the doomed poet Rupert Brooke, of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson, of the futuristic H.G. Wells and the primitivist D.H. Lawrence, of W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood and the satirist-turned-California mystic Aldous Huxley.

Conrad has saturated himself in his writers' work more profoundly than in the subject of their meditations. *Imagining America* is subtle, briskly and even dashingly learned, frequently funny (with an odd undercurrent of nastiness, like the smile of a dog about to bite) and, now and then, totally wrong. But Americans, who have always been abnormally sensitive to the opinions of others and simultaneously oblivious to them, might enjoy the bizarrely colored and refracting lenses that Conrad has gathered. They might read the book and wonder through what glass they themselves view the nation now. Conrad's exercise is literary, impressionistic and symbolic rather than sociological or historical. Through his analysis, a succession of Americas unfolds. There is, first, the dispiritingly uncouth barnyard of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, a place, as Conrad says, without social amenity or historical depth, a land as temporary and makeshift as its shop fronts.

The exquisite Oscar Wilde, in his overcoat of bottle-green otter fur, made his scented way through America in 1882, scattering epigrams and languidly outraging the locals. "Mrs. Trollope had hoped to redeem America by making it well mannered," writes Conrad. "Wilde hoped to redeem it by making it stylish." Wilde lectured the miners at Leadville, Colo., on the Florentine painters; he hired secretaries to distribute locks of his hair. Aesthetic in a different way, Henry James once viewed Niagara Falls and, like a fastidious critic, pronounced it to be "thought out" and "successfully executed."

Amid the literary swags, Conrad locates a theme that may be the most profound in American history: the story of man subduing a continent of vast distances and danger and, so it seemed, divinely bestowed wealth. H.G. Wells admired the fierce mechanical aspiration of the Americans: "Cerebral technocrats who will inherit the earth."

If Wells saw the future in American technology, the mystagogic D.H. Lawrence drew a distinction between primal America, which appealed to his fancy sense of atavism, and "the mechanical empire of Uncle Samdom." Auden picked up at least a part of the theme. Wrote Conrad: "The economic vice of Europeans, in Auden's view, is avarice, while that of Americans is waste." Nature, vast and promising, exists ultimately to be conquered and transformed into the benisons of the shopping mall. But at the far end of the interpretation, God's plenitude and bounty begin to be exhausted. What then?

Foreign writers have rumbled across America in buckram and paperback trying to conquer it, to understand it. But Americans themselves now seem to have trouble imagining their country. The terms and arrangements of the American enterprise are changing. The entire American proposition has been built upon the premise of ever expanding opportunity, upon a vision

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VALUE IS WHAT MAKES A MALIBU A CHEVROLET.

Essay

of the future as a territory open-ended and always unfolding, upon ascendant history. "We are the heirs of all time," said Herman Melville. What happens if the future seems to be closing down, to be darkening? If nature, first an enemy to be subdued and then a resource to be exploited, is now an endangered victim of technology? The classic American salvation (clear the land! build! disembowel the mountains!) threatens to invert to damnation. Acid rain pelts the Adirondacks, destroying their fish. Smog blows east from the Pacific Coast and eats the vegetation off the Sierras. The Love Canal and Three Mile Island and Kepone in the Tidewater all make mothers anxious in their genes. The once almighty dollar shrivels. Productivity dips to zero, and the national wealth, at the rate of $90 billion a year, departs, never to return, to pay for foreigners' oil.

All the furniture of the American myths is being dismantled and stored. Psychologically, if not yet financially, a stale air of foreclosure has wafted around. It is not that the U.S. is broke or now bereft of such resources as its grain, its amazing capacity to nourish life. But Americans have always needed to know the point of it all; that has been part of their peculiar national "innocence" and residual Puritan sense of themselves as the new elect of God. Without such grace or rationale, without the comfort of their demonstrable virtue and uniqueness, Americans feel themselves sliding toward triviality, and beyond that, toward an abyss that might swallow the whole experiment like a black hole. "Either America is the hope of the world," one dogmatically friendly Frenchman wrote 20 years ago, "or it is nothing."

Perhaps Americans are suffering merely the discomfort of joining the human race. Perhaps they will be better for it. In August 1943, after a Japanese destroyer rammed his PT-109, John Kennedy wrote to his parents: "For an American, it's got to be awfully easy or awfully tough. When it's in the middle, then there's trouble." Americans have been rattling around fecklessly in the middle, but now are rolling toward the awfully tough.

All of this moral drifting has complicated the way Americans imagine their country. Many of them remain sunnily confident. But the old interpretations, the old American theology, no longer work very well. Americans invented themselves in the first place, and then were interminably reinvented by the rest of the world. Perhaps more than most peoples, they need to possess an idea of themselves, a myth of themselves, an explanation of themselves. It is time for them to start inventing and imagining again.

— *Lance Morrow*

Environment

Tailings' End

Cleaner days for Silver Bay

For more than a decade, the pleasant Minnesota community of Silver Bay (pop. 3,500) on the western shore of Lake Superior was the locus of an epic environmental battle. At issue was the Reserve Mining Co.'s taconite plant, whose construction in 1952 had created the town. About 80% of the local labor force is employed at the $350 million facility, which turns trainloads of the flinty rock mined in the Mesabi Range into about 15% of the nation's iron ore supply. But Reserve also dumped 67,000 tons of tailings a day into the world's largest freshwater lake, thereby polluting it with tiny fibers similar to asbestos, a carcinogen. Recalls Jon Luoma, head of public relations for the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency: "If the sun was right, or you were in an airplane, you could actually see the tailings moving southwest toward Duluth. It looked like a green slime."

Would the plant have to shut down if state environmental officials won their battle to force the company to stop pouring its wastes into the lake? In a series of court fights, Reserve maintained the answer was yes, and pointed out that the end of the plant would mean the demise of the town too. And last week, obeying a 1976 order by a U.S. district court to stop dumping in the lake, the facility did close—though only until May. Then the plant will reopen and begin shipping its wastes by rail and pipeline to a huge inland basin. There the tailings will be deposited and kept covered under 10 ft. of water so that the fiber dust cannot escape. Speaking about his town, Silver Bay's Mayor Robert Kind, an officer in the state highway patrol, says happily: "Now I think we are going to hold on."

Enclosed in a remote marshy area by huge dams made of coarse tailings covered with vegetation, the mammoth basin measures nearly 6 sq. mi. and will cost $370 million when fully completed. The other costs of the long environmental dispute have also been large, ranging from such intangibles as fears in Silver Bay of a permanent plant shutdown (which local physicians blame for a flurry of marriage breakups and a rise in prescriptions for tranquilizers) to the $7 million that Duluth had to pay for a filtration plant when the city's drinking water was found to contain the asbestos-like fibers. Company spokesmen continue to maintain that the new basin is "not necessary" and that it was built "only because we were told to do it." But of course the whole problem might have been avoided if the lake had never been viewed as a convenient dump in the first place. ■

Reserve's new closed lakeside waste sluice

A $370 million capitulation.

No Sweat

Eastern's red rash diagnosed

When attendants on Eastern Air Lines flights between New York City and Miami or Fort Lauderdale, Fla., began complaining of a mysterious rash of red dots on their faces, necks and hands, the cause at first seemed likely to be some combination of environmental factors, such as the dry air in the planes' cabins or the cleanser used in the food ovens or even cosmetics. But why only Eastern? And why only a few episodes on the carrier's other routes? And how come no passengers or pilots were involved in the 170 reports of the so-called red sweat? Last week the culprit was discovered. It turned out to be just flecks of red ink from the words DEMO ONLY that were stenciled on new life jackets Eastern uses to show emergency procedures. When the attendants put the jackets on or took them off, bits of ink flaked off, flecking their skin and sometimes causing inflammation of the pores. That explained why so few other routes were involved: the jackets, of course, are not demonstrated on flights over land. ■

Three Who Add Up to One

The Beaux Arts Trio marks 25 years of collective virtuosity

"Remember Chicago?" asks Pianist Menahem Pressler. "The page-turner who couldn't read music? After only a few bars she turned the page. I turned it back. After a few more bars she turned it again. I turned it back again. Then when the right moment came—nothing."

Pressler looks over at Violinist Isadore Cohen and Cellist Bernard Greenhouse, who nod and chuckle. The three men, otherwise known as the Beaux Arts Trio, are reminiscing about their precarious years on tour. It is something they do with almost the same warmth and brio as when they make music together.

"One of the only concerts we ever missed," recalls Cohen, "was in Rockville, Md., at Thanksgiving. A plane crash had tied up air traffic at the Washington airport, so we decided to drive from New York. There were six lanes of traffic, none of them moving. At Trenton, we tried to switch to a train. Impossible. A storm blew up. We couldn't even phone ahead. When we arrived at the hall it was 9:30 p.m., and there were 30 people left. We played the Mendelssohn *D-Minor Trio* and told them we'd come back."

Greenhouse indicates his cello, a 1707 Stradivarius. "When we travel by plane I put it on the seat next to mine," he says. "The airlines usually let me pay half-fare for it. One time a clerk read 'Greenhouse, Cello' on the ticket and thought it was a child's name. 'How old?' he asked. I said, 'Two hundred sixty-seven years.'"

The Beaux Arts has earned the right to look back in laughter, and in triumph too. Now in its 25th year, it is one of the most durable and distinguished of chamber groups. Among the world's piano trios, there is none better. All three members perform well enough to be soloists. But even the greatest virtuosos who join together as a trio can remain just that: a trio. The Beaux Arts players' real virtuosity lies in their ability to become, as Greenhouse puts it, "one instrument."

This is harder to do in a piano trio than in, say, a string quartet, because the piano and strings are a mixed marriage. The piano always threatens to be louder; its attack, sustained tones and tempered pitch all differ from those of bowed instruments. So subtly do the Beaux Arts members adjust for these vagaries that they match the interplay of the score itself, passing phrases seamlessly from one to another, ebbing and flowing naturally with the dynamic pulse. Goethe described architecture as frozen music. A Beaux Arts performance is liquid architecture.

Whatever they play from their repertory of some 50 trios—in a recent appearance at Carnegie Hall, it was Beethoven, Ravel and Schubert—their work reflects years of study, discussion and meticulous rehearsal. Yet it is never reduced to rote. "During a concert, the one who has an inspiration will go with it," says Pressler. "The others will follow, even if they disagree. Then we do not simply replay a piece, we re-create it."

The same spontaneity comes through in their recordings. Their most recent releases are a remarkable survey of 43 Haydn trios, many of which had fallen into neglect. Polished as the performances are, they also vibrate with the joy of discovering treasures in seldom heard pieces and new ways of treasuring familiar ones.

Before the players were one, of course, they were three. Pressler, 56, was the son of a German clothing-store owner who fled Hitler to settle in Tel Aviv. As a boy, he got splinters in his fingers from practicing, because the keys of the family upright were worn to the wood. At 17, he journeyed to the Debussy competition in San Francisco to see how he might do against his contemporaries. He won, and promptly launched a U.S. concert career.

Greenhouse, 64, whose father was a Newark real estate broker, was nine when he heard a cello solo in the *William Tell Overture* and recognized "the sound that I wanted for the rest of my life." After scholarship studies at Juilliard, he spent two years with Pablo Casals in Europe. In 1954, he got together with Pressler and Daniel Guilet, concertmaster of the Symphony of the Air, for a projected recording of Mozart trios. The recording fell through, but the three decided to try their luck on the concert circuit.

Isadore Cohen (left), Menahem Pressler and Bernard Greenhouse onstage at Carnegie Hall

"The one who has an inspiration will go with it. The others follow, even if they disagree."

When Guilet retired in 1968, Pressler and Greenhouse turned to Cohen, who is now 57. The son of a Brooklyn scrap-metal dealer, Cohen may have had music instilled in him by a grandmother who took him to the Yiddish theater and hummed through all the performances. He studied with Ivan Galamian at Juilliard and refined his chamber music skills during ten years as second violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet.

Between tours (they play about 120 concerts a year), the trio and their families are scarcely neighbors. Pressler is based in Bloomington, Ind., where he teaches at Indiana University. Greenhouse and Cohen are both on the faculty at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, but Greenhouse lives in Setauket, Long Island, Cohen in Manhattan. With luck, Greenhouse gets in some sailing, and Cohen plays tennis or tends his plants (he is a former member of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America). Pressler's recreation? "Playing and teaching, playing and teaching."

After such separateness, they renew their striving for greater togetherness. "There is never a plateau," says Pressler. "The masterpieces we play always force us to go that one step further." As in a performance, he cocks his head at the others, seems to get an unspoken assent. "The only plateau we'll reach is the cemetery." — ***Christopher Porterfield***

Television

Fathers and Sons

The Shakespeare Plays, *PBS, 8 p.m. E.S.T., starting March 26*

Everybody applauded when the BBC announced that it would bring all of Shakespeare's 37 plays to television, and clapped again when the first six were aired on PBS last year. The second round of applause was more out of duty than enthusiasm, however: with the exception of *Richard II*, the productions were disappointing. But with the next three plays—*Henry IV, Parts One* and *Two*, and *Henry V*—the series has redeemed itself and given lively hope for the future.

The three plays have been called the Henriad, so smoothly does one follow another. In *Richard II*, Henry Bolingbroke deposed and killed the sybaritic Richard and took for himself the title of Henry IV. As *Henry IV, Part One*, begins, he discovers that, having usurped the crown, he is himself beset by usurpers. The Percy family, which helped him to the throne, has learned too well the lesson of rebellion. The firebrand of the family, young Hotspur, refuses to accede to the new king's demands for prisoners captured in a conflict along the Scottish border. The result is the civil war between Henry and his former allies that provides the basic plot for both parts of *Henry IV*.

David Gwillim as England's hero-king

"Presume not that I am the thing I was."

Those two plays might better be called *Fathers and Sons*. While he is battling the Percys, Henry is also fighting for the loyalty and affection of his son and heir, Prince Hal. Hal, that "nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales," as Hotspur derisively calls him, has given himself up to bad living and bad companions, led by the fat and riotous Falstaff; his revolt against duty is a more serious threat to Henry's kingdom than Hotspur and all his kin. The distraught Henry wishes that Hotspur had been his son and it could be proved that "some night-tripping fairy" had switched babies in their cradles.

The tug of war between Henry and Falstaff, or order and disorder, for the allegiance of Hal is the dominating theme of the first two Henrys. But what neither man knows is that the outcome has been foreordained: Hal, the consummate politician, is only pretending to be bad so that when it is time to be good he will seem all the better. "Yet will I imitate the sun," he says, "who may be more wonder'd at, by breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapors that did seem to strangle him." Fortunately Shakespeare gives Hal a heart as well as a scheming head, and it is not certain until he becomes king that he will keep his promise to himself. By the time the third play, *Henry V*, begins, he is already the hero-king, preparing to enjoy that ancient English sport —invading France.

Hal's transformation from brat to warrior is a shaky bridge for any actor to walk. Audiences have always found it hard to sympathize with his duplicity in leading on a lovable rogue like Falstaff, and the actor who plays him must make his deviousness seem right as well as logical. To preserve his life and his position he must be more clever than other men: he is the son of a regicide and knows that the throne he will inherit has been made slippery by blood. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," cries his father. David Gwillim adroitly captures all Hal's contradictions; then, like a master potter, he molds them into that noble vessel, Henry V.

Falstaff, Shakespeare's greatest comic invention, is scarcely an easier part to play, but Anthony Quayle makes it seem not only simple, but natural, as if he had grown into it, just as Falstaff grew into his big belly. His most eloquent speech comes not from his mouth, but from his eyes, when Hal, now king, repudiates both him and his own past misdeeds: "I know thee not, old man . . . Presume not that I am the thing I was." Jon Finch is also good as Henry IV, who has won a crown but lost his peace of mind. The greatest honors must go to David Giles. It is probably no accident that he directed all three of these superb productions, as well as the equally fine *Richard II*. — **Gerald Clarke**

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Turmoil on the Money Front

Financial markets gyrate, as the banking system faces historic change

Confusion, turmoil and a struggle to cope. That was the mood of the nation's topsy-turvy world of money last week, as bankers, brokers and businessmen grappled unsurely with the consequences of Jimmy Carter's latest effort to rally the nation to the inflation fight.

Financial markets were swept by a crazy quilt of slumping and surging prices. Businessmen fretted over whether Carter's "disciplined" new effort to make money and credit scarcer and more costly would pitch the economy into recession for real, or if it would perhaps be swept aside by another onrush of inflation. On Wall Street, the Dow Jones average of 30 leading industrial stocks dropped 23 points on the first day after Carter announced his program. It then bounced back and forth before finally closing out the week down 26.5 points at 785, its lowest level since April 1978.

Meanwhile, gold and the dollar went through equally wild gyrations. Through it all, bankers and moneymen most directly affected by the initiatives found themselves unexpectedly confronting questions of sudden new urgency: Were credit cards a dying business? Was there still a future for the savings and loan industry? Could the Federal Reserve legally regulate Wall Street?

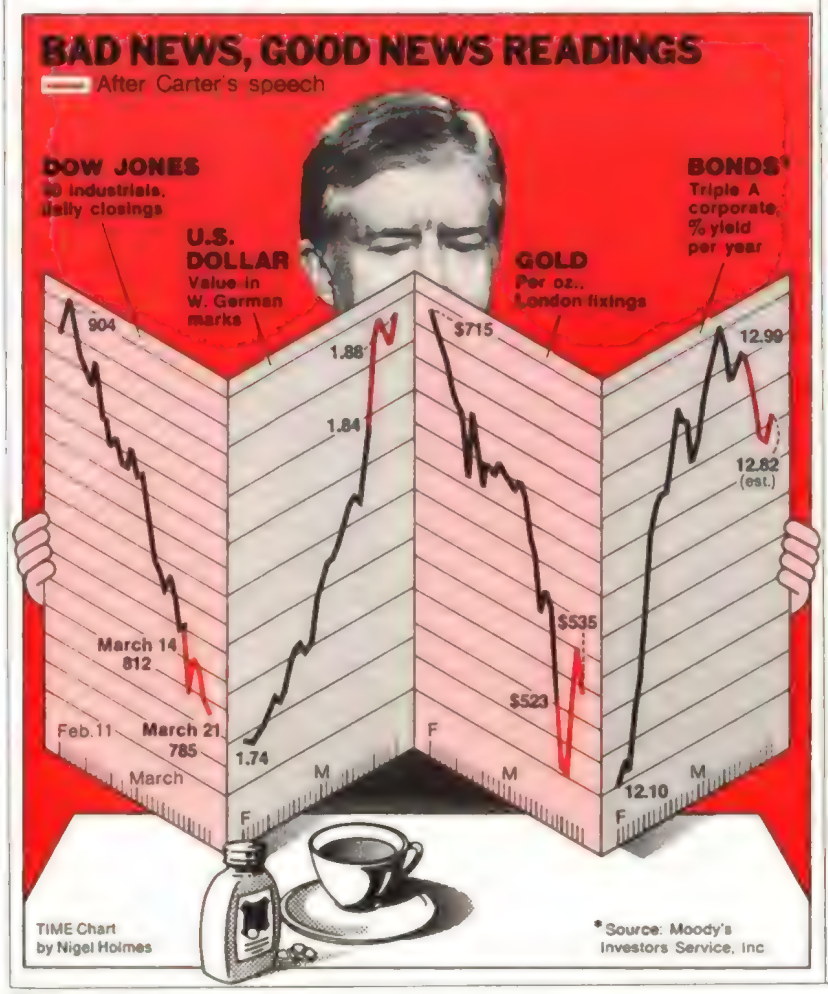
In spite of the President's and Congress's pledges to cut spending and balance next year's budget, the murky world of finance held the spotlight because the most immediate effects of the Carter program would be felt by banks and other savings institutions. The President's decision to use the Federal Reserve to slow the growth of credit would pinch every sector of the economy from department-store dishware to heavy-industry assembly lines. Some bankers even feared that a credit crunch, when almost no loan money would be available, could hit by summer. That would doubtlessly slow the economy, which is still lurching forward unsteadily at a 2% annual rate, and thereby begin to curb the rise in prices.

Businessmen initially voiced strong skepticism about the Administration's latest inflation-fighting strategy. Would the Fed's actions prove to be so heavyhanded as to cause a far steeper slide than anyone expected? If so, many economists were fearful that Washington might react in a panicky rush to begin spending all over again, sending inflation surging to new and even more frightening heights. Observed one Zurich banker last week in a rueful sentiment that was almost universally shared among business leaders and economists everywhere: "I am afraid that at the first sign of a sharp recession, there will be a change in course."

Administration officials added to the uncertainty by issuing what seemed at first glance to be a broadside of conflicting statements over whether or not the President would support a tax cut if the economy went into a free-fall. The confusion arose when Carter's anti-inflation adviser, Alfred Kahn, whose outspoken statements in the past have often caused the Administration embarrassment, declared that a steep economic downturn could well force the Government to pump up spending by cutting taxes.

The Administration's actual position was put repeatedly during congressional testimony by Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, who stressed that it would be inappropriate to consider any sort of tax cut until the budget for fiscal 1981 was balanced. Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultze echoed the point in his own congressional testimony, saying, "Balancing the budget is our first priority and remains our first priority." Carter simply said, "When I am absolutely certain that the 1981 budget will indeed be balanced, I will then, and only then, consider tax reductions."

Tentative signs of an economic slowdown have been accumulating all winter, and last week brought yet more evidence that the battered economy cannot con-



tinue to grow for much longer. After limping along since autumn in the face of steadily soaring mortgage and construction costs, the nation's housing industry, which traditionally leads the economy into and out of recessions, is now slumping sharply. Housing starts for new homes and apartments in February fell 9.2% below the year-earlier level.

Moreover, construction of single-family homes, the mainstay of the industry, plunged 22%, to an annual rate of 774,000 new units. Lamented Merrill Butler, president of the National Association of Home Builders: "It is the most serious situation, in my opinion, that our industry has experienced since the Depression. Nearly 2 million people will be thrown out of work this year, and $32 billion in wages will be lost because of the decline in homebuilding. That is the same as five Chrysler Corporations going broke."

But the new interest rate hikes that hurt housing show few signs of stopping. Last week banks pushed the prime rate they charge their most credit-worthy customers to 19%. Even New York loan sharks have raised their fees from 5% to 6% per week and little money is available.

Just as Carter was making credit control a key focus of his retooled anti-inflation program, a joint congressional conference committee was agreeing, after years of debate, to broad-ranging legislation that would dramatically alter the structure of American banking. This will intensify the survival-of-the-fittest struggle going on among savings institutions, as they labor with soaring interest rates and try to attract new depositors.

The proposed new banking legislation would:

▸ Phase out, over the next six years, federal ceilings on the interest that banks and savings and loan associations (S and Ls) can pay depositors. Currently, commercial banks can pay only 5.25% and savings institutions 5.5% on their passbook accounts.

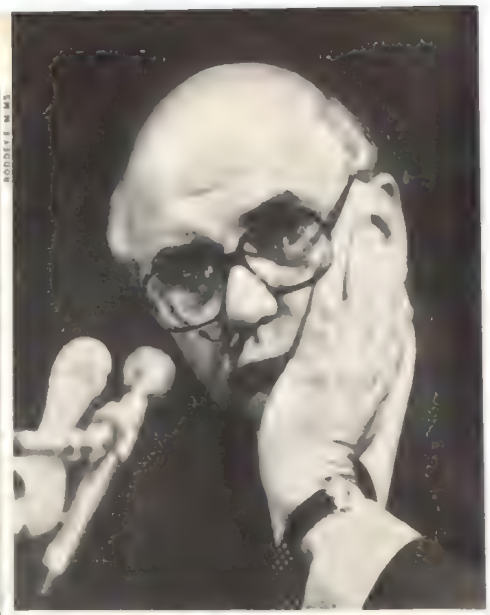
▸ Permit S and Ls and savings banks to expand further into the personal and consumer loan markets, which have been long dominated by commercial banks. Savings banks would also be permitted to make loans to business, an activity from which they have until now effectively been barred. Traditionally, thrift institutions have concentrated their lending in home mortgages.

▸ Allow both the thrifts and commercial banks to offer so-called NOW accounts, which pay interest on checking deposits.

The upheaval in the savings business has been most dramatically seen in the recent explosive transfer of money from banks and S and Ls into the trendy money market funds. During the month prior to Carter's new measures, $4 billion came out of mattresses, cookie jars and savings accounts and went into money market accounts.

The cause of the shift, which constitutes one of the most dramatic and abrupt movements of investment capital in modern times, was simple: high interest and ease of investment. The funds pay far higher interest, often 13% or more, than most bank savings plans, and initial investments often cost as little as $1,000. The funds also offer day-to-day withdrawal and even check-writing privileges.

As more and more deposits have flowed out of the banking system and into the funds, the banks have been forced to borrow increasingly large amounts by selling certificates of deposit, usually in denominations of more than $100,000, at interest rates high enough to attract buyers. Not surprisingly, some of the biggest customers for the certificates have turned out to be none other than the money market funds. In sum, the more the passbook deposits in the banks have shrunk, the fatter have grown the money market funds, and the higher has climbed the cost to the banks of borrowing the money back again to stay in business.

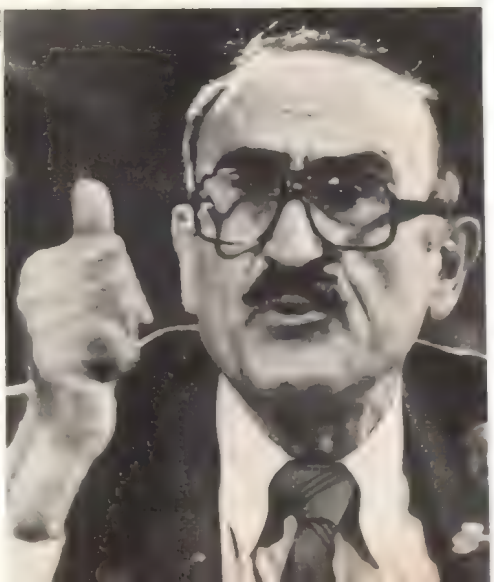


Fed Chairman Volcker tightens credit

Conflicting signs on a possible tax cut: presidential Advisers Schultze (above) and Kahn

In an effort to ease the pain, the Federal Reserve in June 1978 allowed banks to begin offering any depositor willing to part with a minimum of $10,000 for six months an opportunity to earn a rate of return more or less equal to the money market funds. The new superrate was keyed to the interest that the U.S. Treasury must pay for its weekly sales of six-month bills to finance federal debt. This has helped slow the outflow of deposits, but in the process has forced up the cost of depositor funds to higher levels than ever.

Hardest hit of all have been the nation's mutual savings banks and S and Ls. Because the thrifts have historically been forced to rely largely on mortgage lending for their business, much of the industry's current income is still coming from home loans written years ago, when rates were no more than half the current national levels of



15½% to 17% for a typical 25-year loan.

Worse still, with housing prices and mortgages now rapidly climbing out of reach for just about everyone, even the income from new mortgages is beginning to dry up. As a result, more and more thrifts are finding it all but impossible to pay the double-digit interest rates needed to attract deposits. Asserts Saul Klaman, president of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks: "It's this simple: the money market funds have been a disaster for our industry." Some normally antiregulation financiers are now demanding controls on the money market funds similar to the ones banks face. Adds Klaman: "If you look like a duck and waddle like a duck, you ought to be regulated like a duck."

Largely in response to such protestations, the Federal Reserve announced, as part of the new Carter program, that all money market funds must set aside 15% of any future deposits in non-interest bearing accounts with the Federal Reserve. Since money market funds cannot then invest this cash in bank certificates of deposit or any other high-yielding accounts, the effect for fund shareholders would be a modest reduction in the net interest they could earn.

Almost immediately, however, big Wall Street brokerage firms like Merrill Lynch, which manages the largest money market fund of them all, the Ready Assets Trust ($10.8 billion), began dreaming up new money market funds. These would pay perhaps 2% lower interest than the old accounts. Merrill Lynch insists that the new fund will not be identical to its existing one, nicknamed "the RAT." But Wall Street wags were talking nonetheless last week about a "cloned rat." Meanwhile, the Investment Company Institute, a trade association representing more than 200 money market funds, announced it would petition the Federal Reserve to rescind its order on the ground that the Credit Control Act of 1969 does not authorize such action.

No amount of tightening up on the money market funds is likely to be of much immediate help to the thrift institutions in any case. Wall Street analysts estimate that at least 20% of the nation's S and Ls are already losing money in the current squeeze. Last week Cleveland's Washington Federal Savings and Loan was forced into receivership. The bulk of its assets were acquired by another Ohio thrift institution after Washington Federal was unable to pay for Government securities it had ordered.

Banking experts would not be surprised at all to see at least a few more S and Ls keel over in the coming months. Said Wall Street savings and loan analyst Jonathan Gray: "There is simply no way to describe the situation without sounding inflammatory. If rates stay at their present levels, by the end of the summer about 75% of the nation's S and Ls will be losing money."

In fact, defaults and bankruptcies seem far less likely than does an accelerating wave of mergers and acquisitions, as small and weak thrifts are folded into larger and stronger ones. The new federal legislation for the savings industry will set off intensifying competition between the thrifts and commercial banks across the whole range of banking services. It could in time become as accurate to speak of "brifts" and "thanks" as thrifts and banks. Record high interest rates, a credit squeeze, the mad race for customers and now the new federal banking laws have set off a shakedown of the whole American financial system. ■

The Shaky House of Cards

America's $55 billion love affair with plastic money was on the ropes last week. Big retailers and banks began sharply reducing the borrowing clout of credit-card holders. J.C. Penney stiffened credit requirements, curtailed card promotions and hiked the minimum purchase eligible for time payments from $19 to $200. Banks, which had been deluging customers with Visa and MasterCard (formerly Master Charge) applications, suddenly throttled back the flow of easy credit. New York's Bankers Trust Co. slapped a $500 credit limit on new accounts and froze ceilings on existing credit lines. Chase Manhattan Bank said no to more Visa applications. This week American Express is expected to raise the $25 per year fee on its 10.5 million cards.

DRAWING FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

Though the immediate cause of alarm was the Federal Reserve action two weeks ago that forced credit-card issuers to place a sum equal to 15% of new loan money into a noninterest bearing account, the lenders have been suffering pinched profits or even losses for months. Banks in most states are caught in a squeeze between high interest rates and local usury laws. In New York, for example, the maximum interest on credit-card purchases is 18% on an annual basis for the first $500 and 12% on everything above that. But banks are now paying as much as 19% to borrow the money they lend. Citibank, the nation's second largest financial institution, has threatened to incorporate all its Visa and MasterCard business in South Dakota, where bank cards may charge as much as 24%, unless New York raises the level of interest that can be charged. Chicago's First National Bank is instituting a $20 fee for the previously gratis Visa card. Such fees may enable banks to weed out unused cards, which now represent about $25 billion in outstanding credit lines, as well as so-called "non-revolvers," who pay their bills on time. Prompt payers get free credit without generating any revenue for the bank.

Retail stores have also been hit. In 1978 Sears, Roebuck and Co. lost $7 million on its credit operations, while J.C. Penney's ran $34 million in the red. Last year's losses were even higher. Reason: the companies, like banks, have to borrow the money they loan at a higher interest rate than they can charge. Early this year the two companies began tightening credit reins. Previously, shoppers were given a free ride on charges until the end of the month. Now interest will start on the day of purchase on accounts with balances outstanding.

Reaction to the Federal Reserve's action was strong. Retailers complained that the new rules would torpedo Christmas spending, if controls last that long, because credit limits were set in sales-slow March. They also questioned how they would sort out major purchases, like refrigerators, which are exempted from the regulations, from less expensive credit-restricted items, like fancy leather goods. Economists estimate that the card crackdown would have a measurable, if minor, impact on inflation. Consumers, in any case, will be forced to think twice about spending their plastic money, and banks and retailers now have an excuse to drop some money-losing business.

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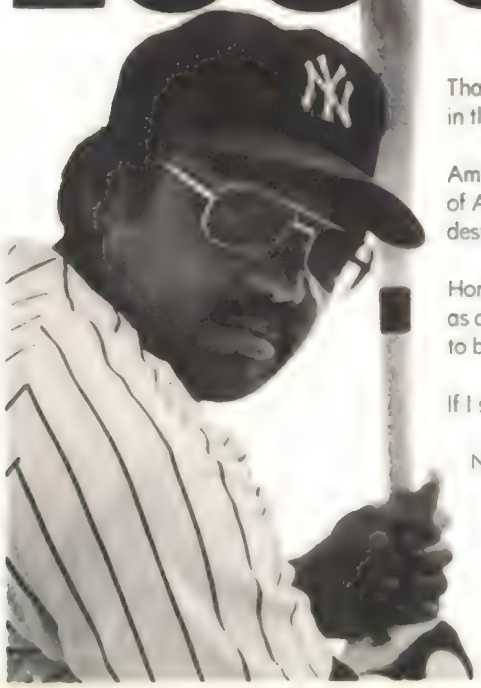

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Cereals for consenting adults

When familiar kiddie cereals, such as Cap'n Crunch, Franken-Berry and Count Chocula, are joined on supermarket shelves by Most, Smart Start and Corn Bran, it signals a shift in American breakfast habits. And in the fickle but fruitful cereal industry ($2.3 billion in sales this year) breakfast-food makers are scrambling to keep pace.

What is changing is the average age of the U.S. cereal consumer. Because of declining birth rates, the number of children 13 and under —still the most voracious breakfast-food eaters—is falling. But adults are gobbling up more cereal than ever. According to a study published by Wall Street's Drexel Burnham Lambert, the biggest increase in morning munching since 1972 is in the 19-to-49 age group. Those 50 and over have also increased their consumption. Says Arnold Langbo, president of the food products division of Kellogg, the industry leader: "Prior to the 1950s it was all family cereals like Corn Flakes. Then came the presweetened cereals like Sugar Smacks, and now we are aiming at a more mature market." Nine new cereals—mostly high in fiber and relatively low in fat and calories—aimed primarily at consenting adults are now being launched.

Breakfast for big kids

The marketing challenge is formidable. With after-inflation sales growing only 1% to 2% a year, cereal companies scrap hard for supermarket shelf space and advertise loudly to catch consumer attention. People switch brands as often as ten times a year, and a new brand has only six months to establish itself before losing out to a more popular competitor. Only one-third of new brands survive.

The trend of cereals for big kids started with the introduction of so-called natural breakfast foods made of oats, honey, raisins and nuts with no nutrition-boosting additives. But the bloom of the early 1970s back-to-nature movement faded once it became known that they were heavy in fat and sugar and poor in nutrition. The naturals' market has shrunk from 10% in 1974 to the current 3%. Fortified bran-based cereals, helped by studies showing the health benefits of high-fiber diets, have replaced the natural products. Quaker Oats' Corn Bran is now one of the hottest new cereals on the shelf, while Ralston's Honey Bran and Kellogg's Most have also appeared in the past year. To hit even smaller segments of an increasingly fragmented market, Kellogg is test-marketing high-in-iron Smart Start for women of ages 20 to 40 and is considering a product for adults 65 and over.

Promoting new adult cereals demands an entirely different approach. Television advertising is on early-evening news shows or afternoon soap operas rather than on Saturday morning cartoons. Also, packages no longer carry pictures of gremlins or pixies to grab kids' attention. A box of adult-aimed Total, for example, carries enough charts and statistics to satisfy a computer programmer. Says General Mills Group Vice President Arthur Schulze: "People are interested in a low fat, low cholesterol diet. That helped these products a lot."

Even some of the oldest breakfast products are riding the new adult trend. Grape Nuts, the old staple, which has been around since 1897, is now being suggested as a yogurt topping. And Quaker oatmeal, which remains the most popular cereal of all, with 8% of the market, has started television advertising for the first time in a decade. ■

Busted Bonanza

The Olympic boycott hits sales

The Olympics are supposed to be for sportsmen, not businessmen. But every four years companies pay dearly to reap the prestige and lucrative sales surge of an Olympic tie-in. The Carter Administration's Moscow Games boycott, though, has turned the summer's expected sales boom into a bust.

The U.S. Olympic Committee has charged companies $50,000 for the right to become official suppliers to the U.S. team and use the Olympiad symbol in advertising. It also charges an additional $250,000 or more for permission to run consumer-sales promotions tied to the Games. None of the payment is refundable even if American athletes boycott Moscow. The Chicago firm VPI, Inc., for example, has stockpiled 28,000 mugs and 15,000 key rings emblazoned with the Olympic design or drawings of Misha the bear, the Games' official mascot.

Olympics promotions usually have been a good investment. Gillette was one of the first companies to use the gimmick, peddling the official razor of the 1956 Melbourne Games. Sales nearly tripled during the sports extravaganza. Says John Musgrave, marketing director of the Lake Placid Winter Games: "The Olympics are a super advertising buy."

The companies that have paid to sell their products through the Moscow Olympics include Coca-Cola, Levi Strauss, Wrigley, Burger King, McDonald's and Gillette. Most have now tentatively abandoned sales plans. Levi Strauss, which gave the U.S. Olympic Committee $275,000 and planned to supply $2.5 million worth of athletes' uniforms free, is redesigning a planned $8 million Olympic TV advertising campaign.

Thirty-four small companies have formed the Olympic Boycott Recovery coalition to demand Government relief for losses resulting from the Carter boycott. Executive Director Daniel Johnson claims that the embargo will cost his members $5.4 million in unrecoverable costs and $10 million in lost sales.

So far, the losses remain more potential than actual. While costly advertising campaigns have been killed, the purchased TV ad time can still be filled with regular, non-Olympic material. Even manufacturing expenses have not necessarily been totally wasted. R. Dakin & Co., the San Francisco–based company that bought the rights to make and sell Misha bears in the U.S., could defrock the critters of their Olympic belts and name tags, producing perfectly salable and politically inoffensive Teddy bears.

For some firms, though, the Olympic boycott may mean more than just a temporary setback and the ruination of an expected sales bonanza. Levi Strauss's negotiations to build a blue-jean plant in the Soviet Union could be damaged by the boycott. Coca-Cola saw the Olympics as its first major penetration of the Soviet market, which Pepsi-Cola so far has cornered. The company had already sent Moscow large supplies of the concentrated Coke syrup. But last week Chairman J. Paul Austin told his old friend and fellow Georgian Jimmy Carter that the company would abide by the embargo. ■

Games detritus: mug, mascot and key ring

Once "a super advertising buy."

The Raging Global Price Plague

A few nations stand out in the hard inflation fight

As if to prove the adage that misery loves company, President Carter began his economic message two weeks ago by noting that virulent inflation had become "a worldwide problem." Indeed, inflation now appears to be an entrenched global phenomenon. No nation is escaping its ravages; no consumer goes unscathed. The Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development predicts an average inflation rate of 12½% for industrialized nations in 1980, marking the first time that its annual forecast has ranged into double digits.

Like the bubonic plague that swept through medieval Europe, global inflation is all the more frightening because neither its causes nor its cures are fully understood. Herewith, an economic Baedeker, arranged according to varying degrees of success in fighting inflation:

Doing Well. West Germany boasts one of the world's lowest inflation rates. But the country's consumer prices will probably rise by 5.6% this year—twice the January 1979 rate—largely because of its near total dependence on high-priced foreign oil. To combat this problem, Bonn is sticking to the same basic course pursued since 1973: tightly controlled expansion of the money supply, high interest rates, moderate but steady economic growth and a strong deutsche mark. Instead of the stop-go style of the U.S., an official in Bonn's Economics Ministry explains, his government prefers to keep "a gentle, careful foot on the accelerator."

Japan is another major industrial power that has held its own against inflation, which was only 3.6% in 1979. This was accomplished, despite a heavy dependence on imported oil and raw materials, by streamlining production processes and maintaining the yen's high exchange value. Since the autumn of 1979, however, a considerable decline of the yen and external price factors have driven consumer prices upward. Last week the government of Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira announced a new anti-inflation package, including sharp cuts in public-works spending and an increase in interest rates.

One of the most intriguing examples of successful inflation fighting is Singapore. From 1975 through 1979, consumer prices in that booming island republic rose by only 3% a year. How was this possible? Through balanced budgets, cautious monetary policy and an enforced saving program that soaks up about 30% of the nation's wage bill for capital spending. Explains Economist Pang Eng Fong: "There's a very Confucianist philosophy of government here that saving is good and spending is bad."

Getting By. Canada stands out as the Western Hemisphere's most successful inflation fighter. February's consumer prices were 9.4% higher than a year earlier, compared with 13.9% in the U.S. for 1979. The main reason for Ottawa's relative success is that it has so far shielded consumers from the effects of the OPEC price hikes. Canada produces 75% of its oil requirements and sells oil domestically at less than half the world price.

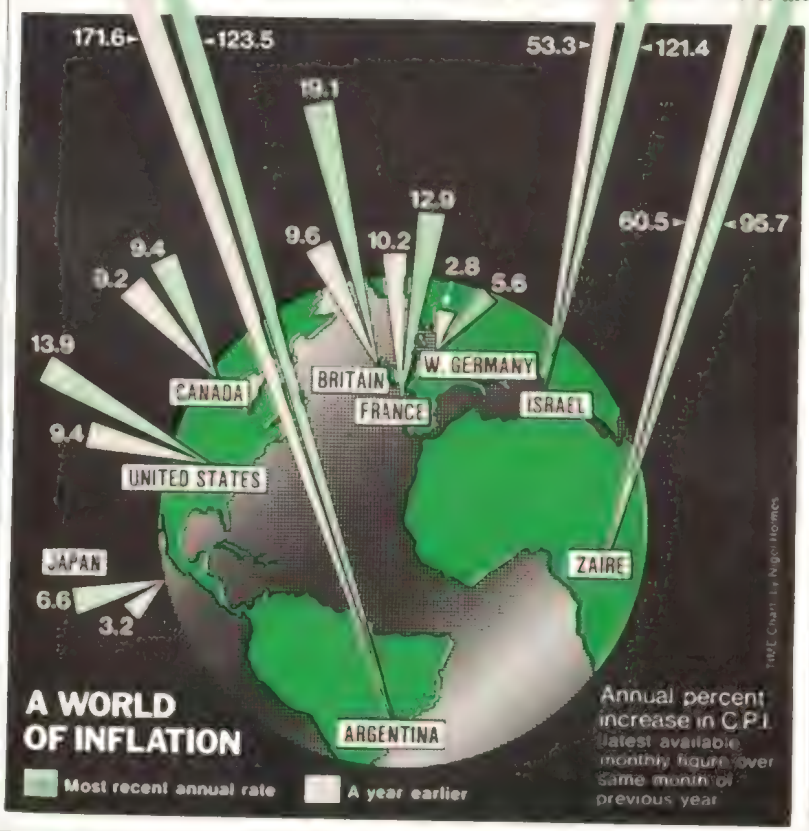
The French have long shown a relaxed attitude toward inflation, chiefly because wages have more than kept up with prices. But with inflation climbing up to 12.9% during the year ending in January, Premier Raymond Barre has promised to intensify the country's inflation fight by means of low budget deficits and controlled monetary growth. But there are trouble signs: pressure is building to hold wages down, which would surely enrage the highly politicized unions and endanger the 1981 re-election prospects of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Hurting. Britain is clearly losing the price battle. Reversing policies of the previous Labor government, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives have drastically sliced public spending and raised borrowing rates at the Bank of England to a record 17%. Nonetheless, inflation has doubled to nearly 20% since Thatcher took office, chiefly because of soaring oil prices and high wage settlements.

But Britain is far better off than Italy, whose current 21.7% rate tops European Community countries. Among the main causes of Italy's price explosion: a formidable budget deficit, an overvalued lira and an automatic wage-indexing system that only exacerbates the problem.

Reeling. In some of the less developed nations, inflation has reached the point of absurdity. Rampant inflation in such Third World countries as Zaïre (more than 90%) and Argentina (more than 120%) has been fueled by years of economic mismanagement, corruption, and deficit spending financed by the uncontrolled growth of the money supply. The newest member of the triple-digit club is Israel, whose current 121.4% inflation rate has been caused largely by heavy defense spending, high oil prices, public works and costly social welfare programs.

While conclusions are difficult, it is clear that the more successful inflation fighters are those, like Germany and Japan, that were able to recognize and curb inflationary tendencies before they roared out of control. By consistently maintaining a strong currency and exercising a cautious restraint in monetary and fiscal policy, both of these energy-importing countries have thus far been able to withstand the global price spiral. ■



Steel's Lament

Going after cheap imports

Two years ago, the Carter Administration put into effect a fragile plan to protect the U.S. steel industry from cheap imports. A so-called trigger price based on the cost of steel production in Japan was established; imports sold below this floor price automatically set off an investigation for dumping, or selling below the cost of manufacturing the goods. But after the Administration last week refused to raise the trigger price of $358 a ton, largely because it was considered inflationary, U.S. Steel, the nation's largest steelmaker, filed a complaint with the Commerce Department and the International Trade Commission. The company charged seven European Community countries with dumping an estimated $1.5 billion worth of steel in the U.S. last year. The Administration retaliated by suspending the trigger-price mechanism.

Big Steel may have fired the first shot in a potentially messy trade war. The Europeans are anxious to keep their steel shipments to the U.S. at a minimum of 5 million tons annually, but they could be forced out of the market if found guilty of dumping steel below cost.

The U.S. regularly enjoys a hefty trade surplus with the Common Market countries, but American exports there may be in jeopardy if the Europeans cannot sell their steel in the U.S. Some companies have already begun submitting evidence to the European Communities Commission that U.S. exporters have been selling liquid nitrogen fertilizers on the Continent at prices 17% below the U.S. domestic level. ■

Taxman Returns

Dollars from heaven

'Tis the season for income tax refunds. Early-bird filers are being rewarded these days by the arrival of pretty, green U.S. Treasury checks in the usual sea of junk mail. This year the pleasure is unusually exquisite: more people than ever are getting refunds. By midyear an estimated 75% of U.S. taxpayers will receive an average of $610 back from Uncle Sam. This is up from last year's $510 rebate. Reason: each personal exemption is now worth $1,000, up from $750.

Millions of Americans declare fewer exemptions on payroll deductions than they are entitled to and thus pay too much in taxes all year long. They view overwithholding as a form of painless forced saving by Uncle Sam. This year's exemption increase has exaggerated the effect. But those dollars were worth 13.3% less because of inflation, and the taxpayers have forgone perhaps an additional 10% or so interest in a money market fund. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Getting a Handle on Energy

A richer bunch of gloomsayers than America's oilmen would be hard to find. While their profits climb the Richter scale, they are rightly concerned that their companies are losing power as OPEC countries increasingly skip around them to sell oil directly to governments. They grouse that energy policy is a bureaucratic mess, that Americans lack the will and cohesion to make the compromises necessary to develop synthetic fuels and that the nation generally is going to pot in a gasoline bucket.

One fellow who stands out as a refreshing yea-sayer is Thornton Bradshaw, president of Los Angeles' Atlantic Richfield Co. (sales: $16.7 billion). But then Bradshaw, 62, is not an ordinary oil company boss. He is a bleeding heart conservative. Some of his best friends are environmentalists. Puffing his briar, he quietly debates them as a director of the Conservation Foundation. He says all the right things about fiscal prudence, but he also defends many Government regulations, calls for more foreign aid and advocates mutual nuclear disarmament. A card-carrying intellectual, he is an overseer, visitor or fellow of three universities, including Harvard, where he earned B.A., M.B.A. and Doctor of Commercial Science degrees and once taught business.

Right now Bradshaw can talk about President Carter's energy program, and even the windfall profits tax, without turning purple. That policy, in Bradshaw's view, is based on four reasonable points.

The first is oil price decontrol, which environmentalists as well as energy developers believe is necessary for conservation. Carter is moving as fast on decontrol as politically possible, says Bradshaw. "Decontrol is a bitter pill for the American people to swallow, and the excess profits tax is a necessary sugar coating for that pill. Atlantic Richfield never fought against it."

Atlantic Richfield's Thornton Bradshaw

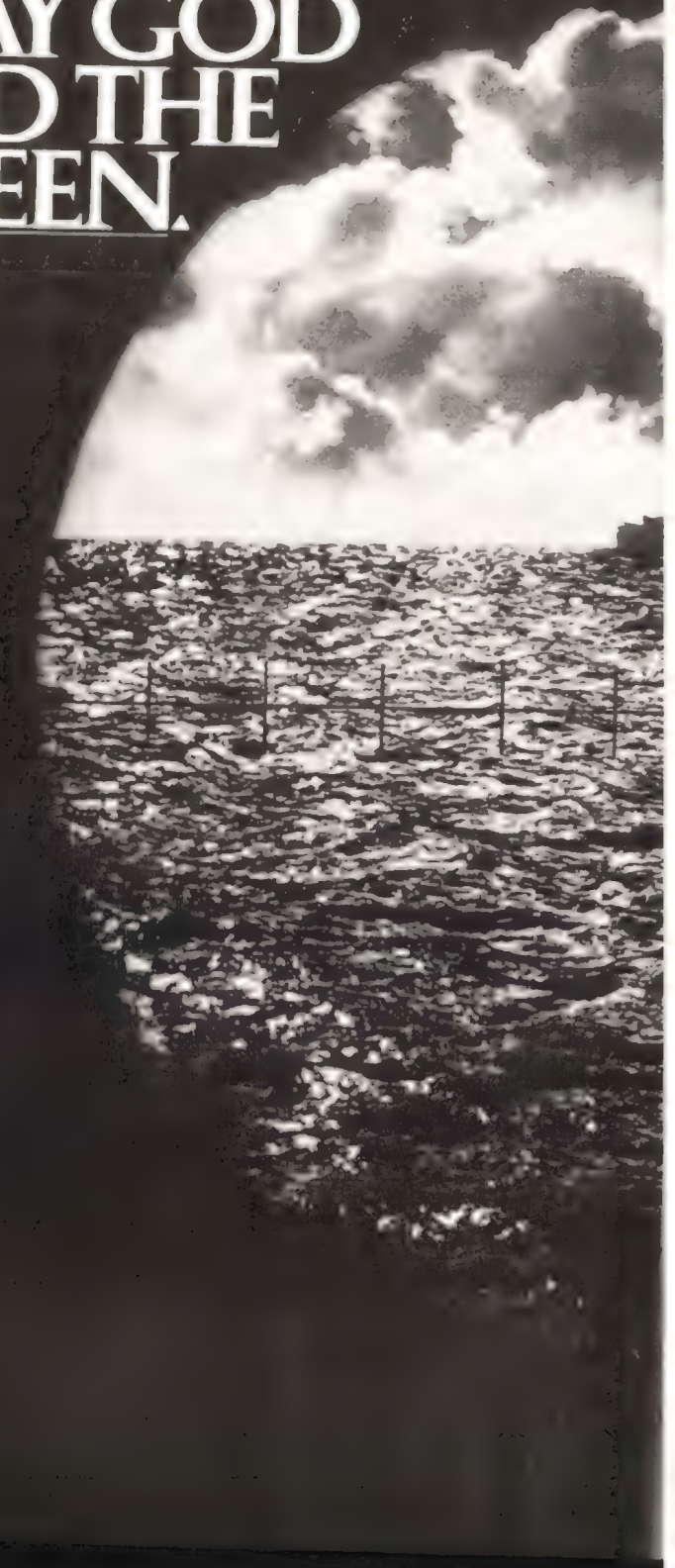
The second policy thrust is to spur construction of energy-producing projects by speeding settlements of environmental disputes that block them, while still recognizing what Bradshaw calls "the very legitimate claims of environmentalists." To do just that, it was he who proposed to Carter at last summer's Camp David summit that the Government create the Energy Mobilization Board. But Bradshaw would limit the board's powers. Says he: "It should possess power to expedite selected energy projects but not to shove them down the country's throat by overriding existing environmental law." In short, don't bend the law, but speed the decisions.

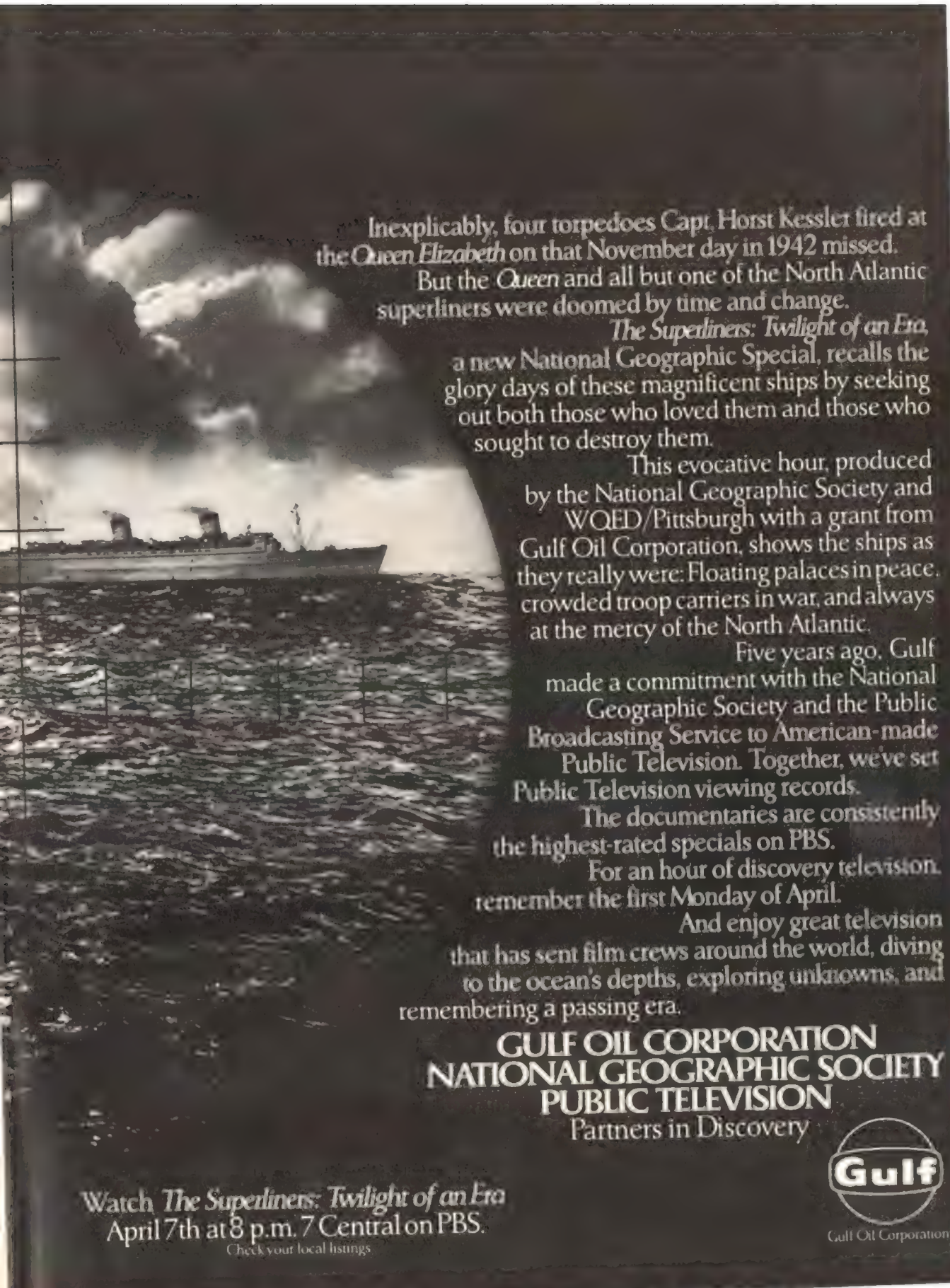
The third thrust is to get moving on synthetic energy. But Bradshaw believes that Carter's original notion of $88 billion in Government aid over the next ten years to generate 2.5 million bbl. of synthetic fuel a day was wildly unrealistic. "We just cannot spend that sum intelligently now because we don't have the technological ability and we don't know enough about the sociological and environmental problems that might develop." Some $20 billion in aid seems more sensible to Bradshaw. Wealthy Atlantic Richfield may not need any federal help to build its first, $1.5 billion to $2 billion oil shale plant, though smaller firms may well require tax credits or price guarantees. By 1990, Bradshaw believes, perhaps 20 such plants could be squeezing out 500,000 bbl. of oil a day.

The final, necessary thrust is a series of conservation moves, including standby rationing. Without rationing, Bradshaw fears, the U.S. will face the hard choice of either shortages or import surges in the early 1980s. Domestic reserves are declining, and while there is potential for vast discovery deep below the hostile, ice-choked waters of the Beaufort Sea off Alaska and Canada, that will take years to prove and develop. So will solar power, though Bradshaw's firm is spending millions experimenting with it, and "our company will play any wild card in solar. But when we think of alternatives to oil in the 1980s, we are simply stuck with coal and nuclear."

For all these hurdles, says Bradshaw, "I have the cautiously optimistic hope that the country is finally getting a handle on the energy problem. We have got to take what President Carter has offered and make it work." After all, it is the only energy policy that the nation has.

A U-BOAT CAPTAIN WILL NEVER FORGET THE DAY GOD SAVED THE QUEEN.





Inexplicably, four torpedoes Capt. Horst Kessler fired at the *Queen Elizabeth* on that November day in 1942 missed. But the *Queen* and all but one of the North Atlantic superliners were doomed by time and change.

The Superliners: Twilight of an Era, a new National Geographic Special, recalls the glory days of these magnificent ships by seeking out both those who loved them and those who sought to destroy them.

This evocative hour, produced by the National Geographic Society and WQED/Pittsburgh with a grant from Gulf Oil Corporation, shows the ships as they really were: Floating palaces in peace, crowded troop carriers in war, and always at the mercy of the North Atlantic.

Five years ago, Gulf made a commitment with the National Geographic Society and the Public Broadcasting Service to American-made Public Television. Together, we've set Public Television viewing records.

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For an hour of discovery television, remember the first Monday of April.

And enjoy great television that has sent film crews around the world, diving to the ocean's depths, exploring unknowns, and remembering a passing era.

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Watch *The Superliners: Twilight of an Era*
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Check your local listings

Gulf
Gulf Oil Corporation

New Crop of Kentucky Foals

A festival of fresh dramatic talent in Louisville

Every year at about this time, the Actors Theater of Louisville, in Kentucky, puts on a dramathon. Nine new American plays are presented in three days. The guiding themes this year might be labeled God, country and family, the last just barely above the TV sitcom level. Thanks to Jon Jory, Louisville's producing director, every play, whatever its aesthetic caliber, comes off with skill, finesse and devotion. Herewith, three of the rewarding best

REMINGTON *by Ray Aranha*

Companion-in-arms to Indian fighters, writer-memoirist, painter laureate of the Old West, Frederic Remington is the subject of this one-man show. Playwright Aranha's personality portrait breathes with a sense of the untamed times of Remington's youth

The play's conceit is that Remington has invited the audience to be his guests in his home in New Rochelle, N.Y., in 1902. Remington is middle-aged, but one can sniff gunpowder in his temperament. Remington (played with granitic force by Michael Kevin) begins on an elegiac note. He recalls sitting beside a wintry campfire and hearing a gnarled veteran of the receding frontier say: "In a few years, the railroad will come all along the Yellowstone ... the wild riders and the vacant lands are about to vanish forever." But for a boy of 19, there were plenty of adventures left. In a yeasty anecdotal vein, Remington tells tales of canoeing shallow rivers and being spilled into the foaming rapids

Then came the years attached to Army units on Indian border duty. During the skirmishes, he came to learn about bravery and endurance and to watch boys suffer terrible deaths. For the rest of his life, he felt that the U.S. soldier, at his courageous, selfless best, was the noblest creature he had ever known. This leads to some scathingly bitter comments on Congress. Remington's invective cuts deep, since it is untempered with any of Mark Twain's or Will Rogers' humor. At one point he says, "Politicians ... men who will conserve their own well-being in times of peace, and who in times of war are in a state of frantic bewilderment. Who can they lead? And where will they lead them?"

Michael Kevin in *Remington*

Sniffing gunpowder on the frontier.

SUNSET/SUNRISE *by Adele Edling Shank*

This is the most piquant of the family plays, an agile display of comic irony and sociocultural observation. It takes place on a California patio, that never-ever land. It includes a middle-aged husband whose wife has been made desolate by his supposed philandering. Actually, the poor devil has long been impotent, his only mistress being an omnipresent slug of 100-proof oblivion. The couple's unemployed son lives in a '51 Pontiac in the garage. He objects to a mobile home on the grounds that it would be "too permanent." Their daughter is a nude, neurotic recluse, hidden in the recesses of the house, who only communicates, facially, via a television set. Scads of characters wander in and out of this quasi-Feydeau sweet-bitter farce

It is refreshing to encounter a dramatist who can people a stage rather than depopulate it. Playwright Shank's specific insight into the modern temper is that most people nowadays are talking to themselves under the guise of talking to others. Fortunately, the Actors Theater of Louisville is conversing on a national network

AGNES OF GOD *by John Pielmeier*

The dead body of an infant strangled by its umbilical cord has been found in a wastebasket. The wastebasket belongs to Agnes (Mia Dillon), a nun of a contemplative order. There is no reason to doubt that Agnes gave birth to the child in her room and then murdered it

A court-appointed psychiatrist, Dr. Martha Livingstone (Adale O'Brien), arrives at the convent to question Agnes in order to ascertain her mental state and to find out who impregnated her. A third party, Mother Superior Miriam Ruth, acts as a buffer between the two. Mother Miriam (Anne Pitoniak) has been married and mothered two children, but her vocation has convinced her that there is a realm of the saints and she apprehends that Agnes may be one

What follows is almost a rerun of *Equus*. Like the psychiatrist in *Equus*, who examined the deranged boy who blinded horses, Dr. Livingstone quizzes Agnes only to receive similar rebuffs and elusively Delphic answers. Like the psychiatrist in *Equus*, who was forced to question his reasoned image of civilization *vs.* the boy's irrational Dionysian passion, the psychiatrist in *Agnes of God* is forced to question her reliance on scientific knowledge *vs.* Agnes' beatific display of faith

Pitoniak and Dillon in *Agnes of God*

Apprehended in the elusive realm of saints

One difference must be stressed. Playwright Pielmeier has performed the difficult feat of creating a credible innocent, a plausible saint. Agnes cannot hear the voices of the world because her heart is in trust to God. In one telling interchange, Pielmeier captures the inner guilt and grief of those who, reared as Christians, yearn to believe again. Agnes has told of speaking with God

Doctor: Couldn't I talk to Him?

Agnes: You could try. I don't know if He'd listen to you

Doctor: Why not?

Agnes: I don't know. Because you don't listen to Him — ***T.E. Kalem***

People

Operatic Joel Grey in *Silverlake*

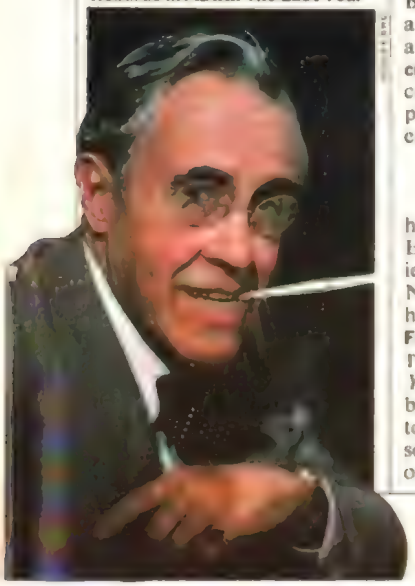
Artist LeRoy Neiman awaiting applause in front of his gold-plated mural in Seattle chophouse

Joel Grey was back on Broadway. But this opening night, the perennial pixy was 20 blocks north of his old haunts on the Great White Way, singing with the New York City Opera at Lincoln Center. Grey starred in the first American production of *Silverlake*, an allegorical opera with music by **Kurt Weill**, originally produced in Germany in 1933, the place and period of Grey's enormously successful *Cabaret*. *Silverlake's* theme, the venal rich *vs.* the virtuous poor, was so politically powerful in 1933 that Nazi stormtroopers broke up performances. New York critics were not that harsh, but some deemed the libretto dated and the music not worth Weill. Still, uptown was heady for Grey. In lieu of Broadway's traditional "break a leg" opening night messages, a telegram from Met Tenor **Placido Domingo** invoked an ancient Jewish Spitzpah. "Ptui, ptui, ptui," it said, "on your operatic debut."

■

With Scotch and certitude, he became Washington *Post* Editor **Ben Bradlee** in the movie *All the President's Men*. Now, with legendary cigarette holder, Actor **Jason Robards** is **Franklin D. Roosevelt** in an NBC-TV teleplay, *F.D.R.: The Last Year*. The three-hour show, to be aired this spring, is likely to be memorable for two reasons. One is Robards' portrayal of the four-term 32nd President in his twilight, down to a remarkable re-enactment of Roosevelt's heart attack and death at Warm Springs, Ga., in 1945 during a portrait sitting. The other is that the show tackles an aspect of F.D.R.'s life not generally known until recently. **Kim Hunter** shares the billing with Robards as **Lucy Rutherfurd**, the President's longtime friend who was with him—unbeknownst to Wife Eleanor—when he died. The historic triangle, says NBC, is handled "tastefully."

Robards in *F.D.R.: The Last Year*



■

Perhaps it was subliminal suggestion rather than accident that made gold so dominant a color in a 4-ft.-by-8-ft. canvas dedicated last week at F.X. McRory's Steak, Chop and Oyster House in Seattle. Accepting a $100,000 commission from the restaurant's owners, Pop Artist **LeRoy Neiman** had begun the painting a year ago, but then somehow found himself running low on inspiration. McRory's spurred him on by sweetening the terms with 64 oz. of gold at a time when the precious metal was selling for $396 per oz. Suitably reinspired, Neiman rushed to completion his impression of a busy day at the bar, replete with a piper skirling among the clientele. Said Neiman modestly: "They got a bargain, because I think it's going to be a legend."

The Kramer family visiting London: Hoffman, Henry and Streep

■

No wonder London cinema buffs did double takes. Wasn't that the Kramer family from Manhattan, together again, ambling about the city on a combination business and pleasure trip? For Actors **Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep** and **Justin Henry**, of course, the business was the British premiere of their hit movie, *Kramer vs. Kramer*. On hand for the glittering opening at London's Odeon Theater was another well-known family, the Windsors. "Will the film make us cry?" asked **Queen Elizabeth II**, chatting with eight-year-old Justin, who nearly stole the show in his first acting assignment. Said he: "It might. It made my mom cry. Four times."

COVER STORY

The Big IF in Cancer

Will the natural drug interferon fulfill its early promise?

It can start in just one of the body's billions of cells, triggered by a stray bit of radiation, a trace of toxic chemical, perhaps a virus or a random error in the transcription of the cell's genetic message. It can lie dormant for decades before striking, or it can suddenly attack. Once on the move, it divides to form other abnormal cells, outlaws that violate normal genetic restraints. The body's immune system, normally alert to the presence of alien cells, fails to respond properly; its usually formidable defense units refrain from moving in and destroying the intruders. Unlike healthy cells, which stop reproducing after repairing damage or contributing to normal growth, the aberrant cells respect few limits or boundaries. They continue to proliferate wildly, forming a growing mass or tumor that expands into healthy tissue and competes with normal cells for nutrition. Not content with wreaking local damage, the burgeoning tumor sends out groups of malevolent cells, like amphibious invasion forces, into the bloodstream, which carries them all over the body. Some perish on their mission. But here and there, many of these mobile cells establish beachheads on healthy tissue and begin dividing, forming new tumors. Eventually the marauding cells infiltrate, starve and destroy vital organs, incapacitating and usually bringing death to their unwilling host. Cancer has claimed another victim.

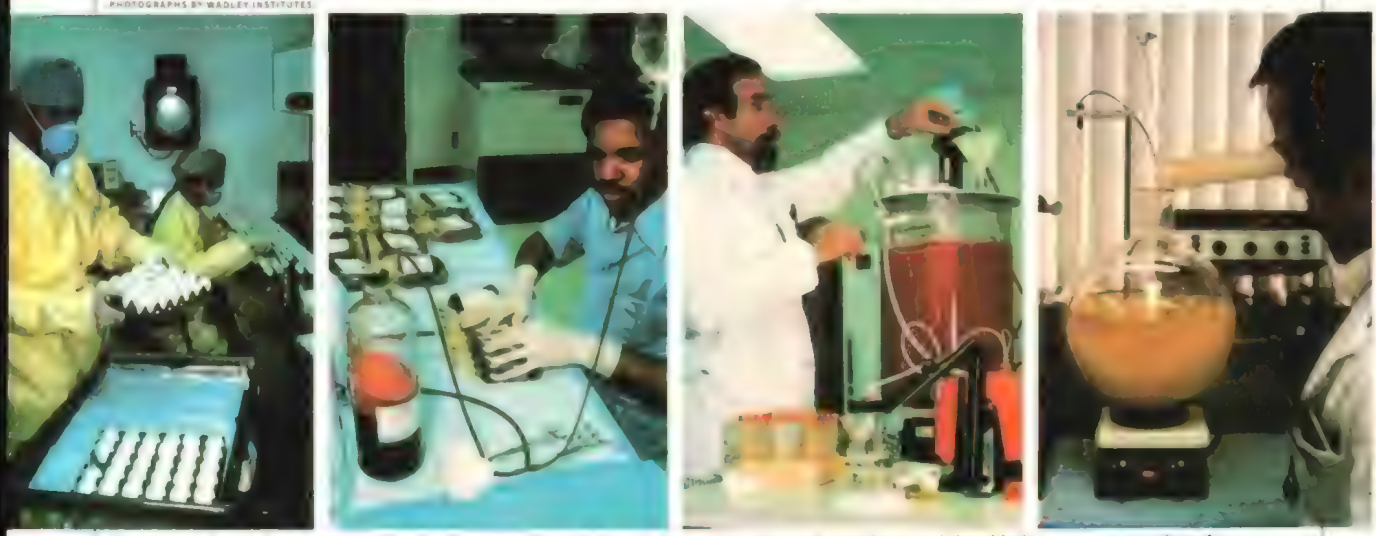
This dread scenario is occurring with dismaying—and increasing—frequency around the world. In the U.S. alone, 405,000 people will die of cancer and nearly a million new cases will be diagnosed this year. Nearly every family is affected: one out of every four Americans will eventually be stricken with the baffling disease. Progress has been made in treating some forms of cancer. Yet despite years of great effort and expense by government and private researchers around the world to understand and conquer the disease, the best that many cancer victims can hope for is to have their lives prolonged for a few years by one or a combination of three kinds of often unpleasant, debilitating and sometimes disfiguring treatment: surgery, radiation and chemotherapy. Two-thirds of all cancer victims eventually die of the disease.

Now, after years of agonizingly slow progress in cancer research, there is a growing and barely suppressed sense of excitement among medical specialists. Just as a fortuitous confluence of developments in rocket, electronic and computer technology resulted in the space feats of the 1960s and 1970s, recent achievements in chemistry, molecular biology and genetic engineering are contributing to what could be, in several years, a major advance in cancer therapy. If all goes well, they will make possible ample supplies of what is now a rare, extremely expensive, but promising new cancer drug: interferon, or, as scientists abbreviate it, IF.

The designation is appropriate, because doctors still precede their cautiously hopeful statements with serial "ifs." If longer-range tests show good results. If interferon can be manufactured in the massive quantities needed for effective treatment. If it proves not to have unexpected side effects. Should these and other ifs become fact, IF will be an ideal cancer drug, for it is a natural substance, produced in infinitesimal amounts by the body. Unlike existing treatments, interferon seems not to damage healthy cells or produce horrendous side effects. Its only apparent shortcomings seem temporary and confined to slight fever, fatigue, and a small decrease in the bone marrow's production of blood cells.

Even now, at ten medical centers across the U.S., the largest test ever of interferon is under way. Bought with an initial $2 million provided by the American Cancer Society (the most generous research grant in the organization's history), tiny quantities of the drug are being administered to some 70 patients with four different types of cancer—most of them advanced—that were no

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WADLEY INSTITUTES



Viruses are grown in eggs; white blood cells are gathered; viruses are put in white-cell solution; a salt is added to separate out interferon

Instant respectability, accelerated worldwide research, and a flurry of activity in the executive suites.

longer responding to conventional treatment. As more interferon becomes available, at least an additional 75 victims will be treated.

Last week the first data from the test were revealed. The details were fragmentary, but the results looked promising. Of 16 patients with breast cancer that had metastasized (spread to other parts of the body), seven cases showed noticeable improvement, five of them enough to be classified as partial remissions. Tumors shrank substantially in three of eleven patients with multiple myeloma, a cancer of the bone marrow. Though it is too early in the treatment of patients with lymphoma (a cancer of the lymph system) or melanoma (skin cancer) to assess the effect of the drug, the attending doctors see encouraging signs. Discussing the early results, Frank Rauscher, head of research at the A.C.S., was emphatic. Said he: "The answer is yes. There is definitely activity against cancer. Abundantly, clearly, yes."

It is also abundantly clear that the big A.C.S. grant in August 1978 brought interferon instant respectability, accelerated worldwide IF research, and set off a flurry of activity in the executive suites and laboratories of the nation's drug companies. Impressed by the fact that the cancer organization thought enough of IF's prospects to invest so much of its scarce money in the test, industry decided to gamble on the drug's success. Pharmaceutical companies have now poured as much as $150 million into interferon research and production facilities. Their incentive was heightened last summer when the National Cancer Institute announced that it would buy as much as $9 million worth of interferon for further studies and invited bids from potential new manufacturers. The A.C.S. has since added $3.8 million to the IF pot.

Now hardly a week passes without some mention of interferon in the press. Last week the Boston *Globe* reported that M.I.T. researchers had developed a new mass-production technique that could reduce the cost of a dose of interferon to one-twentieth of its present cost. Earlier this month G.D. Searle & Co. announced plans to build a $12 million IF plant at its research facilities in Britain. Abbott Laboratories, Warner-Lambert, Merck & Co., and a number of other companies are also gearing up for interferon production. When Biogen S.A., a Swiss firm specializing in the new recombinant DNA (gene splicing) techniques, announced in January that it had induced bacteria to produce a facsimile of human interferon, the stock of Schering-Plough, a part owner of Biogen, rose almost eight points, to 37½. Says one prominent cancer researcher: "The drug companies know that there is a gold mine in interferon. They are scrambling like mad to produce it."

A gold mine, indeed. Most of the available IF is now obtained from the Finnish Red Cross and the Central Public Health Laboratory in Helsinki, which extract it from white blood cells separated from donated blood. The output in 1979 was minuscule, 400 mg (.014 oz.) gleaned from 45,000 liters (90,000 pints) of blood. The effort is so painstaking that, according to estimates by scientists at the California Institute of Technology, a pound of pure interferon would cost between $10 billion and $20 billion. That price will certainly decline as large companies enter the field with more efficient production techniques. As one Wall Street analyst predicts, "The market for the stuff is probably big enough for everyone to get a share. If interferon is used, it appears that it will be used in enormous quantities, so the companies that learn how to produce it and sell it the cheapest will reap enormous benefits from their research investment."

The substance that has caused all this excitement was discovered in 1957 by Virologists Alick Isaacs and Jean Lindenmann. Isaacs, who died of a nonmalignant brain tumor at age 45 in 1967, was in-

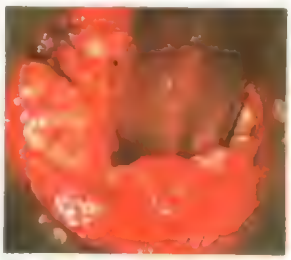
After a test (above), IF is shown in tube

"Let's see how this thing works."

vestigating influenza viruses at London's National Institute for Medical Research. There he met Lindenmann, who had arrived from Switzerland in July 1956. Lindenmann, now head of experimental microbiology at the University of Zurich, stayed in London only a year. But it was time well spent. Over a cup of tea that August, the two scientists discovered a mutual fascination with a biological phenomenon known as viral interference. It was so called because doctors had observed that a victim of one kind of virus-caused illness practically never came down with another viral disease at the same time; the presence of one kind of virus seemed to inhibit infection by any other.

But why? Isaacs and Lindenmann had the answer by early the next year, a remarkably quick solution to a major scientific puzzle. In a series of experiments, they took pieces of the thin membranes that line the inside of chicken eggshells, grew them in a nutrient solution, and exposed them to influenza viruses. When they added other viruses to the culture, they found that the cells resisted further infection. True to form, the first set of viruses seemed to be thwarting the attack of the second. The researchers next removed all traces of viruses and chicken cells, leaving only the culture brew. They added this solution to a batch of healthy cells and "challenged" them with a new virus. The cells remained uninfected. It was apparent that the initial virus infection had stimulated the cells to produce something that interfered with further viral assaults; this substance remained behind in the solution when the original cells and viruses were removed.

Lindenmann decided to call the mysterious stuff interferon, a hybrid of "interference" and the suffix "on," which was in vogue among biologists, who were using such names as cistron, recon and muton to describe new genetic concepts. The initial discovery was made in November and duly recorded in Isaacs' lab notebook under the entry: "In search of an interferon." Lindenmann took it all in stride. Said he: "I thought it quite natural that when you did research you discovered things."



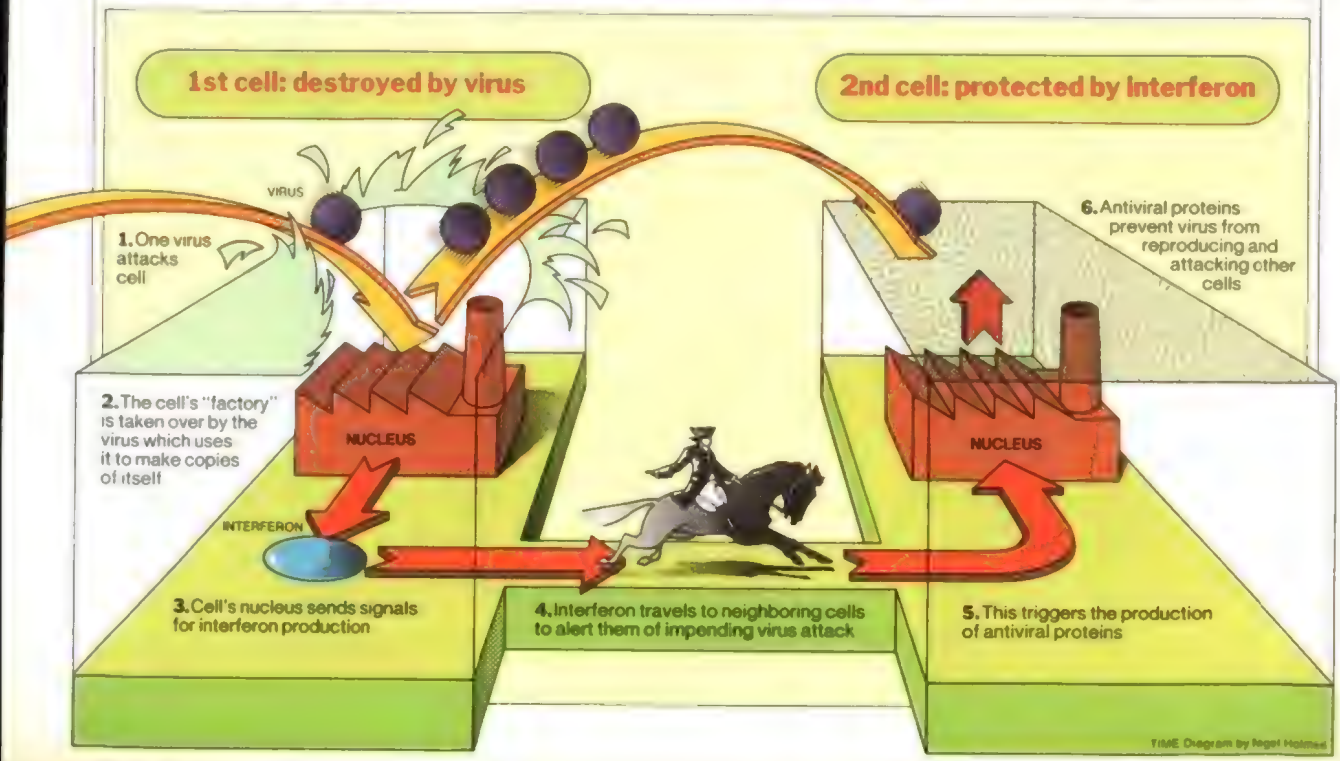
Growths on vocal cords

After interferon treatment

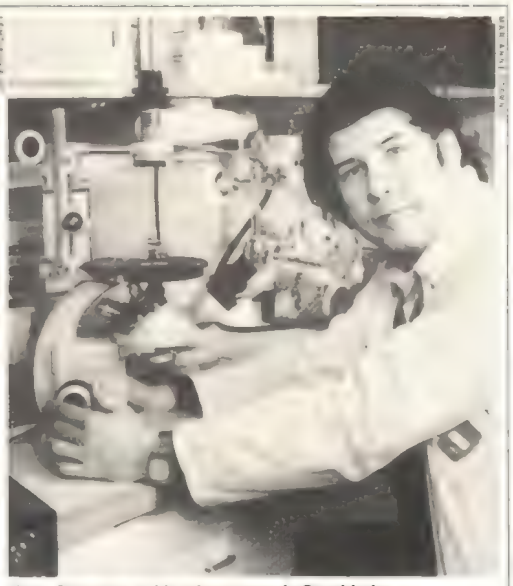
But the implications were staggering. Here at last, it seemed, was an agent that would mow down a broad spectrum of viruses, just as penicillin does with bacteria. Most laymen remained unaware of the discovery, but one notable exception was Dan Barry, artist of the *Flash Gordon* comic strip. That became evident when the first clinical use of interferon took place not in a hospital but in a 1960 *Flash Gordon* adventure. In that episode, spacemen infected with an extraterrestrial virus aboard a rocket ship far from home are pulled back from death's door by last-minute injections of interferon.

But many scientists had their doubts, one of them disdainfully calling the finding "misinterpreton." Recalls Microbiologist Samuel Baron, who worked with Isaacs in 1960: "It was too good to believe. Other inhibitors of viruses had been debunked, so they thought interferon was another false claim." Baron, from the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, had his own doubts when he arrived in England to join Isaacs: "I remember saying to the technician, 'Let's see how this thing works.' It was so impressive that at the end of a week I was fully convinced of its potential. I rolled up my sleeves and went to work."

Baron was one of the few to persevere. He and other interferon researchers had little to go on, for there was practically no interferon available to be studied. The chemical is produced only in minute quantities in living cells, and extracting it proved difficult and costly, liabilities that are only now beginning to be overcome. Also, though all vertebrate animals produce IF, it seems to be species specific, meaning that it works only in the type of animal that produces it. Monkey interferon works only in monkeys, mouse in mice and human in humans. Thus, unlike the insulin extracted from cattle and pig glands and used by humans, IF harvested from animals does not work in people. Lindenmann continued working with IF for about three years, but then left it, believing its puzzles could best be worked out by biochemists. "I



Kari Cantell in Helsinki's Central Public Health Laboratory



Hans Strander at his microscope in Stockholm

Defying the notion that "anybody who abandons interferon research cannot be entirely stupid," a handful of scientists persevered.

spared myself years of frustration," he says. Most of his colleagues, aware of the difficulties of interferon studies, considered his decision totally rational. Said one distinguished virologist at the time: "Anybody who abandons interferon research cannot be entirely stupid."

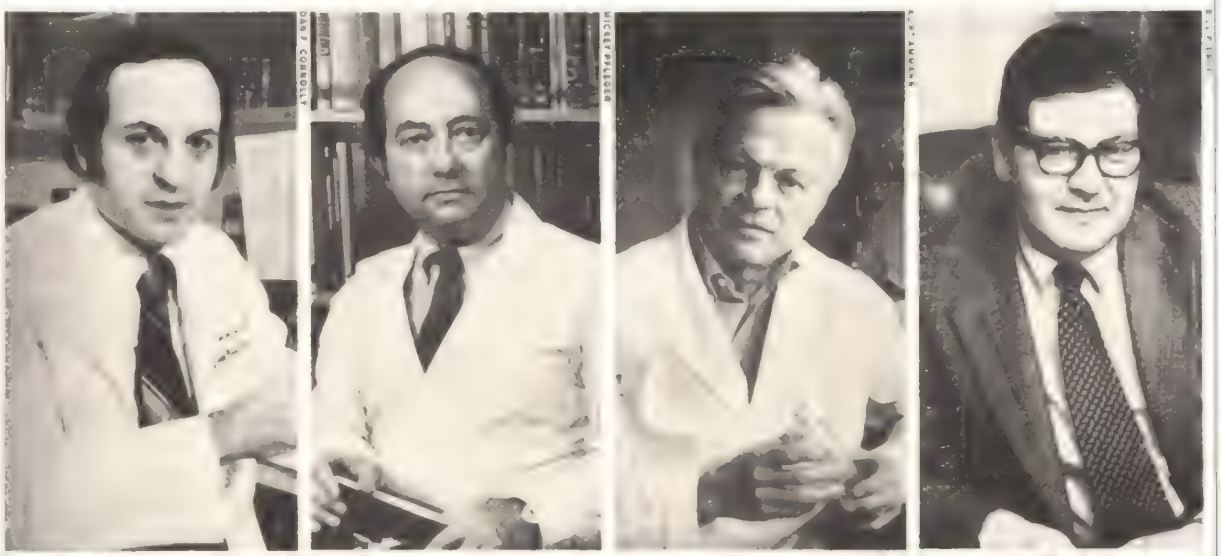
Throughout most of the 1960s, a handful of interferon enthusiasts continued working with only the tiniest amounts of material, gradually unlocking interferon's secrets. They found that it is a protein produced by cells in response to some stimulation, usually by a virus. To date, at least three varieties of IF have been identified. One kind is produced by leukocytes, or white blood cells. A second type is generated by fibroblasts, cells that form connective tissue in skin and other organs. (A prime source of fibroblast IF is the foreskin of circumcised infants.) The third, called immune interferon, is apparently made by T lymphocytes, soldier cells that attack invaders and are part of the body's immune system.* Each seems to work best in protecting cells similar to those that produced it.

The mechanism of IF's defense against viruses has also emerged. Explains Mathilde Krim, a researcher at Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center: "Interferon is a kind of chemical Paul Revere." When a virus invades a cell, instead of turning out the proteins needed to sustain the cell and other parts of the body, the manufacturing plant begins to produce carbon copies of the virus. Eventually bloated with the alien bodies, the cell almost literally comes apart at the seams and dies, spilling out its cargo of new viruses, which promptly move toward healthy cells to repeat the process and spread the infection.

Enter interferon. The initial infection somehow triggers the first cell into producing IF. In turn, the interferon assumes the role of an intercellular messenger; it passes through the cell membrane and moves on to warn surrounding cells of the viral invasion. The healthy cells respond by producing antiviral proteins, which meet any invader head on. The entering virus will not be able to replicate within the new cell; if it does manage to reproduce, its progeny find that they are unable to leave the cell. The cycle of infection is broken.

The small band of interferon re-

*A coded molecule that works with the DNA master molecule in transcribing the genetic message and is also a basic constituent of many viruses



Investigators Jordan Gutterman, Thomas Merigan, Jean Lindenmann (co-discoverer of interferon) and A.C.S. Research Chief Frank Rauscher

searchers were able to produce or get their hands on enough interferon to analyze its nature, but the stuff was far too scarce for any significant tests on humans. Most of the credit for relieving that acute shortage goes to a stubborn Finnish virologist, Kari Cantell, who proudly admits that "interferon has been my hobby and main scientific interest for over 20 years." Cantell began his career by studying the role of leukocytes, or white blood cells, in fighting infection. He became intrigued when he learned from other researchers in 1961 that these cells could produce IF. By 1963 he had concluded that they might yield enough of the elusive substance to get research efforts off the ground. For the next ten years, he devoted all his time to developing the method that today supplies most of the world's leukocyte IF

Cantell's manufacturing facility is unimposing, at best. It consists of a suite of labs in Helsinki's Central Public Health Laboratory. There, Cantell works with white cells derived from the 500 to 800 pints of blood donated daily to the Finnish Red Cross by citizens in and near the nation's capital. The Red Cross spins the whole blood in a centrifuge to separate its elements; the heavy red blood cells sink to the bottom, white cells settle just above, and the liquid plasma rises to the top. The Red Cross keeps the plasma and red cells for transfusions and turns the white cells over to Cantell. He infects the leukocytes with Sendai virus, an influenza-like virus harmless to humans, and incubates them at 37.5° C (99.5° F) for 24 hours. The resultant IF solution is centrifuged to separate out the white cells and partly purified to destroy the virus. What remains is a highly impure IF preparation; even after it is partly purified it consists of only one part IF for every 999 parts of other substances. To purify it totally is both impractical (99% of the interferon is destroyed) and prohibitively expensive. By last year Cantell and a small staff were turning out 400 billion units annually (one unit is the amount of IF that protects half of a cell culture in a laboratory plate from being destroyed by a test virus). That may sound like a lot, but daily doses of millions of units are needed for each patient being tested, and in the early 1970s Cantell's impure product did not go very far

Still, researchers now had enough interferon to move studies out of the laboratory and into the clinic. In 1972 Virologist Thomas Merigan, of Stanford University, and a group of British researchers began studying IF's effect on the common cold. Soviet doctors were claiming success in warding off respiratory infections with weak sprays of IF made in a Moscow laboratory. Merigan and his colleagues gave 16 volunteers a nasal spray of interferon one day before and three days after they were exposed to common cold viruses. Another 16 volunteers were subjected to the same viruses without any protection. The results seemed miraculous. None of the 16 sprayed subjects developed cold symptoms, but 13 of the unsprayed did. There was one catch: at the IF strengths that Merigan used, each spray cost $700

In the years since, Merigan and his Stanford team have successfully used IF to treat shingles and chicken pox in cancer patients. In other studies, IF has prevented the recurrence of CMV, a chronic viral disease that sometimes endangers newborn babies and kidney-transplant patients. Israeli doctors have also used IF eyedrops to combat a contagious and incapacitating viral eye infection commonly known as "pink eye." Researchers are now trying a combination of IF and the antiviral drug ara-A in patients with chronic hepatitis B infections. Interferon investigators have high hopes that the drug will be equally active against other viral diseases.

FIGUARO—GAMMA/LIAISON

Interferon is injected into laboratory mouse in cancer experiment

"We don't really know what we're doing yet."

The concept that IF might also be effective against cancer may have occurred spontaneously to several researchers after the work of Isaacs and Lindenmann was confirmed. After all, it had already been shown that some animal cancers were caused by the polyoma virus. Though no human cancer virus has yet been definitely identified, some tumors seem to be linked to viral infections. In recent years, for example, it has been shown that women with the genital disease caused by the herpes type II virus are more likely to develop cervical cancer than those who are free of that virus.

One scientist was an American, Harvard-trained Ion Gresser, at the Institut de Recherches Scientifiques sur le Cancer in Villejuif, France. He made his own interferon by injecting viruses into the brains of laboratory mice; that stimulated the production of IF. After mashing the brains and processing them, he was left with a crude but potent solution of interferon. He gave the IF to a group of mice injected with a virus that causes leukemia, a blood cancer. After a month, the interferon-treated mice were in good health; those in an untreated control group had leukemia. Gresser then went on to demonstrate that IF actually prevented leukemia in mice that had been specially bred to develop it. Says he: "The interferon inhibited the multiplication of tumor cells."

News of Gresser's work inspired Hans Strander, a cancer doctor at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute, who had gone to Helsinki to work with Cantell in the '60s and had done his doctoral dissertation on IF production. In 1972, using IF from Cantell's lab, Strander began injecting it into children with osteogenic sarcoma, a rare and deadly form of bone cancer. Conventional treatment of this disease is to amputate the affected limb, in the hope that the cancer has not yet metastasized. In most cases, that hope is futile. Without additional treatment, the cancer spreads rapidly to body organs, killing almost 80% of its victims within two years. Strander has now treated 44 of these patients with IF after surgery. More than half are alive after five years (in a group that did not get IF, less than 25% are alive)

Strander has also used IF with seven children who have an appalling condition called juvenile laryngeal papillomatosis. In this disease, noncancerous, wartlike growths cover the vocal cords of the victim, sometimes filling up the entire larynx so that the child can barely breathe. The only treatment has been to cut them out, but they tend to recur quickly, requiring new surgery; one of Strander's patients had had 400 operations. Here too IF worked, though it was unclear whether its antiviral or antigrowth action was responsible. It diminished the growths in four cases and completely eliminated them in three. When the injections stop, though, the growths recur. Says Strander: "We're now trying to work out a maintenance schedule."

Strander's results sounded exciting to Dr. Jordan Gutterman, of the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston. He flew to Sweden to observe Strander's work, and soon became a convert. Says he: "There was no question. He was having good results." Back home,

Gutterman obtained money from a private foundation to buy enough Finnish IF to try it on 38 patients with advanced breast cancer, multiple myeloma or lymphoma. Again the results were encouraging. Seven of 17 breast cancer patients had positive results, as did six of ten with myeloma and six of eleven with lymphoma.

Midway during this study, with some favorable response already obvious, Gutterman applied to the A.C.S. for money to expand the research. To support his appeal, he noted among other evidence the response of his first breast cancer patient: "She had a mass under her left arm, and couldn't raise her arm. Within 48 hours of her first injection, she could lift it." Another breast cancer victim is in remission after 15 months of interferon therapy. Gutterman also reports a wide range of sensitivity among patients, some showing improvement within 48 to 72 hours and a 50% reduction in the size of their tumors within three to four weeks after IF therapy. One patient with myeloma received interferon for three months with no apparent effect. But one month after the treatment ended, his tumor began to shrink. Presumably IF had had a delayed effect.

Gutterman's application to the A.C.S. reached the desk of Frank Rauscher, who before becoming the society's research chief in 1976 had been director of the National Cancer Institute for five years. At the institute he had been urged repeatedly to "do something about interferon." But Rauscher, himself a virologist, had moved cautiously. He did send an NCI team to Sweden to look at Strander's IF tests with bone cancer, and the institute co-sponsored a 1975 interferon conference in Manhattan. But during his tenure, Rauscher increased the NCI commitment to interferon by a scant $1 million yearly. Says he: "Quite frankly, I dragged my feet—in part because I didn't believe the results. They could be explained by other factors. Strander's study was not rigidly controlled; it didn't have the built-in scientific safeguards." He was also worried about possibly "killing something good" only because there was not enough of it for a really fair test. "I was about the most negative person in the country about interferon."

But by July 1978, as Rauscher surveyed the evidence assembled on his desk, his outlook had changed. New data from Strander, with better controls, were impressive. There were reports by other researchers of positive IF effects on tumors. Cantell had upped his production of interferon, and the evidence accompanying Gutterman's request for $1.5 million to buy IF was persuasive. Rauscher was convinced. He left his office, went upstairs to the A.C.S. executive offices and declared: "It's time to bite the bullet on interferon." The big drive for IF had begun.

In effect, it was like starting an armaments program without fully understanding how the weaponry works. If interferon is the body's Paul Revere, designed to warn against viral invasion and stimulate the defense forces, why does it also appear to work against cancer? Though viruses are suspect in some human cancers, interferon also seems to work against tumors generally thought to be caused by nonviral agents such as radiation and chemicals.

What scientists do know is that IF inhibits the growth of both healthy and abnormal cells by slowing cell division. Unlike most cancer drugs it does not kill malignant cells outright, but it somehow alters them so they stop proliferating. Another important difference: rather than killing cancer cells when they are rapidly dividing, IF works best when they are dormant and in the so-called resting stage. Interferon also seems to issue a call to arms to the general immune system. It marshals macrophages, scavenger cells that gobble up foreign material, and increases both the numbers and activity of another specialized group of lymphocytes, known as natural killer cells. All types of interferon boost the defense system, but the IF produced by T cells may do it best, perhaps because, as Pathologist Robert Friedman of the National Institutes of Health says, it is more of an "insider," a substance tailor-made by the immune system cells themselves. According to Samuel Baron, the Texas virologist, immune IF is 20 times more potent an antitumor agent than the interferon produced by fibroblast or leukocyte cells.

Whatever questions remain about both the role and effectiveness of interferon as a cancer drug, most could be answered if larger amounts of IF were available. Admits Gutterman: "We don't really know what we're doing yet. It happens with every new drug. In its early days penicillin was good at treating minor infections but not the big ones, like endocarditis [a bacterial infection of the heart valves]. It took years to figure out that it would work there too—but only at very high doses. But everyone said at first it would be crazy to try that level. There was just not enough material to work with to find out. The same

Timetables for Cancer Checks

Aside from prevention, early detection of cancer is the most effective way of fighting it. Last week, citing studies on the costs, risks and benefits of screening tests, as well as new information about how the disease develops, the American Cancer Society announced major changes in its cancer checkup recommendations to the public. Among them:

▸ For women between 20 and 65 (and those under 20 who are sexually active), the Pap test for cervical cancer need be done only once every three years (after two negative tests a year apart), instead of once a year.

▸ Women should have breast X rays, which previously were not recommended at all, once between 35 and 40 to establish a reference, then at the advice of a physician until 50, and every year after 50. Women should continue to give themselves breast examinations each month.

X ray of patient's chest

▸ Annual chest X rays, recommended in the past for early detection of lung cancer in smokers and others at high risk, are no longer deemed necessary. Nor is sputum cytology, an analysis of lung cells contained in sputum. One reason: lung cancer is still so resistant to cure as to make early detection useless and a waste of money. Rather, prevention, especially by avoiding smoking, should be emphasized.

▸ Examination of the rectum and colon with a sigmoidoscope, previously called for annually for people over 40, is now suggested every three to five years (after two negative tests a year apart) in those over 50. The A.C.S. recommendation for digital rectal examinations every year from age 40 on remains unchanged.

▸ The age at which to begin having annual guaiac slide tests on stool to detect intestinal bleeding has been raised from 40 to 50.

▸ Instead of a "periodic" (usually interpreted to mean once a year) general checkup for cancer, including physical examination of the breasts and pelvis, testicles and prostate, thyroid, lymph nodes, mouth and skin, the A.C.S. now suggests one every three years between ages 20 and 40, and annually thereafter.

In making the new recommendations, the A.C.S. emphasized that they were merely general guidelines and that people should continue to rely on the advice of their own doctors.

First clinical use of interferon is shown in 1960 *Flash Gordon* comic strip as space medics inject it to save victim of an extraterrestrial virus

is true of interferon. It's frustrating."

Some of that frustration may be eased over the next few years, as the pharmaceutical companies develop techniques for mass-producing interferon. Most of that IF will be produced initially by scaling up existing techniques: the stimulation of either white blood cells or fibroblasts cultivated in the laboratory. But less conventional routes are also being explored. One is to provoke the body into boosting its own manufacture of IF by injecting inducers, usually double strands of synthetic RNA* that resemble viruses. The method was tried in the 1960s by Maurice Hilleman and others at the Merck Institute. But inducers were virtually abandoned when they proved largely ineffective and, on occasion, highly toxic. A new inducer, though, has been showing some promising early results.

Other researchers are concentrating on unraveling IF's molecular structure. Caltech scientists are working with a "sequencing" machine that needs as little as ten picomoles (less than a millionth of a gram) of pure IF to determine the composition and sequence of the IF molecule's amino acid chain, which consists of about 150 links. Explains Molecular Geneticist Leroy Hood: "It's like having pearls of different colors on a string and clipping them off one by one and identifying the color of each."

So far, the Caltech researchers have sequenced 40 of fibroblast interferon's amino acid "pearls." When the structure of the chain is fully determined, which it probably will be before the end of 1980, chemists will try to re-create IF in the laboratory. That promises to be a difficult task: so long a chain tends to break apart in synthesis. But if they succeed, pharmaceutical companies may some day be able to mass-produce this and other types of interferon using only off-the-shelf chemicals.

Perhaps the most promising avenue to ample IF supplies is the recombinant DNA technique being tried by Biogen and other companies. Scientists chemically snip a gene from the DNA of one organism. The gene, which contains the code for producing a certain protein, is then chemically spliced into the DNA of another life form, usually a harmless laboratory strain of the common intestinal bacterium *Escherichia coli*. Now the genetically reprogrammed bug has the ability to produce something new. It begins cranking out the protein and, given the proper nourishment, making millions of carbon copies of itself, each capable of producing the same protein. Though each creates only a tiny amount, the cumulative output can be substantial. Biogen's accomplishment, brought off by Swiss Molecular Biologist Charles Weissmann and his international team of colleagues, was to re-engineer *E. coli* so that it would produce largely complete molecules of human leukocyte IF. At Harvard, Biochemist Tadatsugu Taniguchi, who first isolated an interferon gene while at the Japanese Foundation for Cancer Research, and Molecular Biologist Mark Ptashne seem on the verge of getting their restructured *E. coli* to spew out human fibroblast IF.

Despite all the recent achievements, the growing excitement and the favorable early test results, the verdict is not yet in on interferon. Even IF's most fervent advocates warn against prematurely raising the hopes of cancer victims and their families. They appraise IF's prospects in the subjunctive, peppering their comments with "if" and "would" and "could." Were interferon finally to prove an effective cancer drug, there would still be a long way to go. At least a few—and possibly quite a few—years will pass before it becomes widely available. "In terms of research," says Dr. Ernest Borden, a cancer specialist at the University of Wisconsin, "we're only about 2% of the way along toward widespread clinical application." And should interferon become plentiful, it would probably be used as a supplement to, rather than a replacement for existing treatment. Warns Dr. James Holland, of Manhattan's Mount Sinai School of Medicine: "There are no breakthroughs in cancer treatment." Then he adds: "Come back in a year and ask me about interferon then. I bet I'll have some really exciting things to tell you."

Indeed, the interferon bandwagon seems to be gathering momentum. According to last week's Boston *Globe* story, the new M.I.T. production technique could bring the cost of fibroblast IF down from about $50 to only $2.50 per million units. Says the A.C.S.'s Rauscher: "Right now it's costing something like $150 a day to treat patients, and a full course of treatment can go as high as $30,000 or more. This is very good news indeed." So it is. For even if interferon should only partly live up to its initial, most tentative promise, it would augment the sparse arsenal so far developed to combat the world's most terrifying and psychologically daunting disease. ■

*A coded molecule that works with the DNA master molecule in transcribing the genetic message and is also a basic constituent of many viruses

Who Gets IF? Almost Nobody

As word of interferon spreads, doctors are bracing for an onslaught of pleas from cancer victims and their families. Almost every request will be rejected. IF is still quite rare; in the U.S., only a few hundred patients have received it, most of them for short intervals. All testing so far has been designed to show whether interferon is active against different kinds of cancer, not whether it can effect lasting cures. But even if there were a glut of interferon, the drug would not be handed out indiscriminately; its long-range effects, good or bad, are still not known. Those getting IF are, in fact, human guinea pigs.

Today's IF test subjects must meet highly specific requirements, called "protocols." For example, eligible participants might include 1) breast-cancer patients, but only if surgery and radiotherapy have failed to halt the disease, 2) myeloma victims, and 3) patients with types of lymphoma that do not respond well to conventional treatment. The choice is also usually made from among patients already under treatment at a center where interferon is being tested.

Inevitably, some anguished cancer victims will suspect that interferon is being hoarded for use by favored patients. But, says one doctor, "the sad and brutal fact is that if my own mother didn't meet the protocol, she could not get interferon today."

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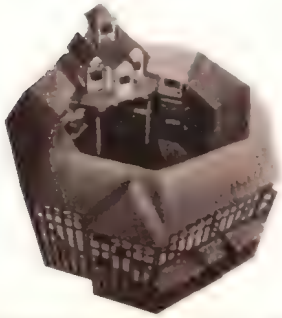

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Carter in the East Room with athletes and others concerned about the Summer Games

Sport

A Resounding Chorus of Maybes

Support for boycotting the Moscow Olympics is slow to gather

With less than four months to go before the Moscow Olympics, just about the only people sweating harder than would-be Olympic athletes are the American officials trying to keep them from going. Last week the U.S. pressed its boycott campaign while plans for a counter-Olympics inched along and undecided nations continued to pass the baton. Among the week's setbacks, standoffs and small triumphs

▸ In Washington, about 100 athletes, coaches, trainers and sports officials invited to the White House to discuss the boycott greeted President Carter with stony silence as he entered the East Room. In his 20-minute appeal, Carter said he understood their disappointment, but asserted that no matter what other athletes attend the Moscow Olympics, "ours will not go ... the decision has been made." He hoped that alternate games would compensate, and even promised special recognition for anyone who attended. But in an informal poll afterward, only 29 supported the U.S. position

▸ In Geneva, the U.S., U.K. and Australia invited 25 nations to a two-day meeting to hear White House Olympic Coordinator Lloyd Cutler spell out the U.S. position. Yet only nine of the countries invited sent delegates, and most of those who showed up listened coolly. Even staunchly pro-boycott Britain indicated that a timely Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan would "change everything."

▸ In London, the House of Commons endorsed a boycott, raising the pressure on the British Olympic Association to do so when the group makes its decision this week. Yet Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's tactics—like her threat to deny paid leave to competitors holding government jobs—angered athletes. At last count, 78 of Britain's 108 Olympic athletes said they still plan to attend

▸ In West Germany, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt denounced the U.S.S.R.'s continued occupation of Afghanistan but stopped short of endorsing a boycott. A top French leader said privately, however, that if West Germany stays home, France will too

U.S. officials insist that in the next two months as many as 50 of the 142 countries invited to Moscow will decide not to go; so far only 25 nations have endorsed the boycott. Much depends on how fast the boycotters can organize their alternate games, which Cutler calls the "World-Class International Sports Festival." He envisions a series of events next August and September in a number of locales around the world. Funding for the games, however, will be difficult to obtain. Cutler claims that revenues from TV coverage could help, but executives at NBC and ABC decline to say if they would bid on coverage, and CBS, like the undecided nations, is "awaiting developments."

What next? Some delegates to last week's Geneva meeting agreed to hit the road in groups to convince other countries —and their own athletes—of the need for an Olympic boycott. At this rate, however, they might still be out hustling support while everybody else is in Moscow. ■

Milestones

DIED. Jessica Dragonette, seventyish, soprano queen of the air waves during 22 consecutive years as a radio star; of a heart attack; in New York City. A convent-educated orphan, Dragonette began on Broadway as the backstage voice of an angel in Max Reinhardt's 1924 hit, *The Miracle*. She ascended to stardom after moving to radio in 1926, beginning as NBC's Coca-Cola Girl in radio's first original musical serial, then introducing operetta to the medium on *Philco Radio Time* and later starring in *Cities Service Concerts* and CBS's *Saturday Night Serenade*

DIED. Admiral Robert Lee Dennison, 78, President Harry Truman's naval aide and adviser from 1948 to '53, who as commander in chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet during the early 1960s enforced the U.S. naval blockade of Cuba during the 1962 missile crisis; of a pulmonary embolism; in Bethesda, Md

DIED. Erich Fromm, 79, German-born psychoanalyst and prolific social philosopher who applied the precepts of psychology to the study of this century's political, social and spiritual dilemmas; of a heart attack; in Muralto, Switzerland, his home for eleven years. Fromm began his practice in Berlin in 1925 as a dogmatically orthodox Freudian, but came to reject the passive, noncommittal role of the Freudian analyst and pioneered confrontational techniques now widely used by therapists. After emigrating from Nazi Germany to the U.S. in 1934, Fromm popularized his eclectic theories of human behavior as a lecturer at Columbia, Yale and other colleges. In *Escape from Freedom* (1941), he argued that fascism and compulsive social conformism were the outgrowths of alienating industrial development. In *The Art of Loving* (1956), he explored the nature and "redemptive power" of love; the book became a campus cult object in the '60s. Fromm's later works ranged over topics as diverse as Mexican village life, Marxism, the cold war and Zen Buddhism

DIED. Tamara de Lempicka, eightyish, stylishly eccentric, Polish-born painter whose glossy art deco portraits of European socialites ("languid, aristocratic, very decadent," according to one authority) made her a millionaire in the 1920s and '30s, when her work was the rage of Paris; in Cuernavaca, Mexico

DIED. Marcel Boussac, 90, second-generation French tailor who built a small textile business into a sprawling empire that at one point included 60 cotton mills, a racing stable, the firm of Christian Dior and the right-wing Paris daily *L'Aurore*; after a prolonged illness; in Mivoisin, France. After the textile industry in Europe began to flounder in the late '60s, France's "King of Cotton" was forced to relinquish a badly managed dominion bit by bit, eventually selling off Dior, his world-renowned stable and *L'Aurore*.

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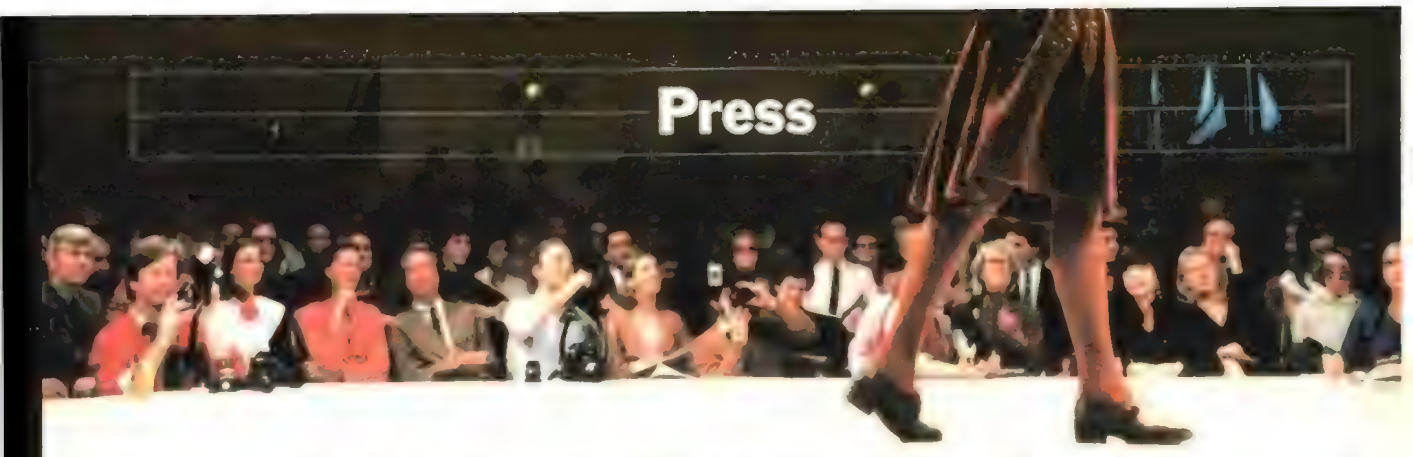


At the runway in Milan, leading U.S. and European clothes watchers ooh, aah and harrumph at one of Krizia's flounced skirts

Stalking the Elusive Hemline

How the "fashion dragons" forecast what women will wear

For the fashion press, it was a typical week in Milan, with clamoring crowds, blazing lights and thumping disco music. Photographers argued and jostled for position. Police tried to arrest most of the 60 American models for working without proper papers; one mannequin hurdled a fence, and many others fled, returning the next day with temporary permits. Meanwhile there was a dizzying parade of ready-to-wear clothes, some 2,500 costumes from 40 mostly Italian designers. "It bloats the stomach and boggles the mind," admitted one U.S. editor. "Can you imagine having to write about it?"

Missoni's knit

With Milan challenging Paris for primacy in the ready-to-wear fashion world, a record 300 journalists from twelve countries were on hand to do some serious —and not so serious—writing. They belong to an influential but little-noticed subspecies of international journalism, the "fashion dragons," as they are known in the trade. With a mangled metaphor or a burbling encomium, they can rearrange fortunes in the clothing business, and change the buying plans of well-dressed women. On hand in Milan last week were representatives of glossy magazines, large daily newspapers, trade papers and some lesser lights (one improbable accreditation: the *North Jersey Suburbanite*). For many, Milan was the start of a month-long fashion circus, with successive showings of fall and winter collections in London, Paris and, in late April, New York. In October the tour reconvenes for the unveiling of new spring and summer clothes.

"Fashion as it enters the 1980s need not be stiff and constricting."

—Bernadine Morris
New York *Times*

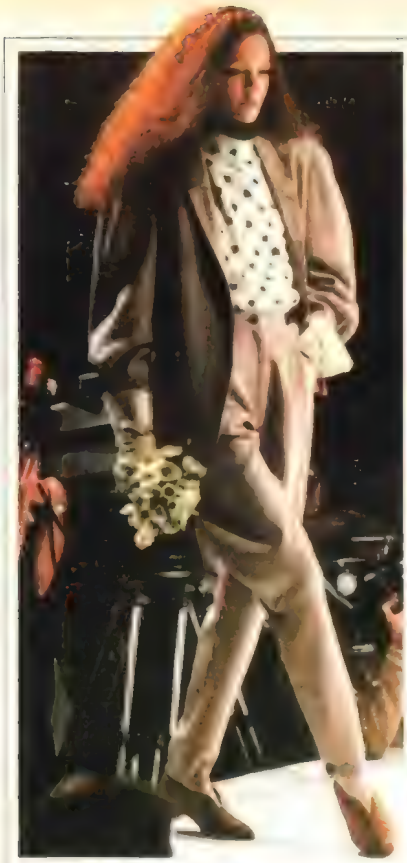
The fashion dragons have declined in puissance somewhat since a decade ago, when *Women's Wear Daily*, the industry's bitchy bible, failed in its attempt to foist the midi-length skirt on recalcitrant U.S. women. Since then the customers have become even more independent-minded about their costumes, but the journalistic arbiters are still critically important. "The press creates interest," said Aldo Pinto, whose wife, Mariuccia Mandelli, designs the Krizia collection. "When *Women's Wear* talks repeatedly about a designer, it creates a stir."

The writers were positively pampered in Milan. A leading restaurant catered all their lunches, and the designers picked up the tab. In the evenings, top dragons were wined and dined lavishly by the big fashion houses. Not surprisingly, the reporters were beguiled by their Italian hosts. The first sentence filed by Bernadine Morris of the New York *Times*: "For the people who gave you the Renaissance, organizing a week of fashion shows is like child's play." Some writers found all the exotica useful. Said the Washington *Post's* Nina Hyde: "I like to write about what the buyers are wearing, what the fashionable restaurants are. Don't you think that's a lot more interesting than whether a blouse is blue or pink?"

More insidious was the torrent of gifts, usually clothes or perfume, that flooded the journalists' hotel rooms every day. "The houses don't give the journalists free gifts," purred an Italian p.r. man, "but they do give them discounts of between 10% and 100%." Publications like the New York *Times* and Washington *Post* bar their reporters from accepting discounts, but others are more lax. Recalled a British reporter: "I shared a hotel room with an Italian journalist once, and after a few days you could hardly get into the place for all the presents."

Judging by the outfits of most of the fashion press, all this largesse goes to little effect. Said one designer: "Many of [the reporters] seem to have an almost psychological resistance to personal elegance. It is almost as if they were proclaiming their superiority to this frivolous business." But designers and dragons alike could derive some inspiration from Anna

Photographs for TIME by Rudi Frey



Versace's jodhpurs

Piaggi, contributor to both the French and Italian *Vogue*, who showed up one day with a large velvet reproduction of an art deco vase perched on her head. Piaggi's Milan millinery was pretty tame stuff compared with her headdress in Paris two years ago: a basket brimming with shrimp and other fresh seafood.

A typical day during the Milan marathon consisted of about ten showings, each roughly 45 minutes in length and in different halls at the Milan Trade Fair Center. The seating plan was generally the same for each designer. On one side of the runway sat emissaries from the U.S. heavyweights: *Women's Wear Daily* (Publisher John Fairchild, Associate Editor Carolyn Gottfried, European Fashion Writer Marian McEvoy), the New York *Times* (Morris, Carrie Donovan of the Sunday Magazine), the Washington *Post* (Hyde), the *International Herald Tribune* (Hebe Dorsey), *Vogue* (Fashion Editor Polly Mellen) and *Harper's Bazaar* (Fashion Editor Gloria Moncur). In their hearts they know that however expert they are at fashion journalism, their heft and influence derive primarily from the importance of their publications. Opposite them were the most influential Europeans. Said Dorsey, a veteran hemline watcher: "If I'm not in the front row, I make a fuss. In the third row you can have a nap and no one will notice. But in the front row you're the Queen of England."

The pace was grueling, and at least one former fashion doyen, James Brady, ex-publisher of *Women's Wear*, was glad to have remained at home in New York. Said he: "You get a designer who shows about 300 pieces, then feels he has to make a speech for half an hour. The Italian press is yelling *basta, basta*. And the French press is rolling up programs and flinging them at him. And the American press is hung over from drinking too much."

"Gianni Versace is the Cecil B. DeMille of fashion."

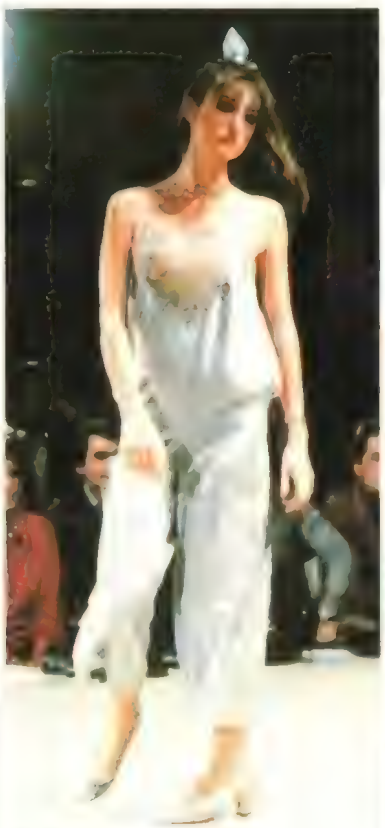
—Marian McEvoy
Women's Wear Daily

Fashion writers tend to suffer from an overfondness for airy prose and bubbly hyperbole. Wrote Mary Russell in the New York *Times* Magazine: "Colors are beautiful and subtle. Inspired, perhaps, by Milan's fog-swathed mornings . . . " Not much investigative reporting goes on, but why should it? If a dragon oversleeps, there are always the ubiquitous handouts to fall back on. Everyone knows the rules, like not being too rigorous in differentiating between what will appear on a retailer's rack some day and what is a mere designer's bagatelle. Said Grace Mirabella, editor in chief of *Vogue:* "The designers are now creating a number of models just for the runway. They have no intention of making them. The daily press know it, but they often go along with it."

"The Italians call it 'l'arte di arrangiarsi,' *the art of making do."*

—Nina S. Hyde
Washington *Post*

Still, the reporting from Milan last week was more businesslike than in the past. The *Times*, the *Post* and *Women's Wear* all wrote about how high inflation was inhibiting high fashion. Said Morris: "I write for the lady in Larchmont who is having her breakfast." One reason the coverage was subdued was the absence of any explosive new trends. There was nothing that remotely approached the magnitude of Dior's 1947 "new look" (long, full skirts with tiny waists) or the miniskirt in 1965 or Saint Laurent's 1976 peasant look. Indeed, the dragons were hedging their assessments as skillfully as any veteran political reporter. Looking forward to the London, Paris and New York showings, Bernadine Morris wrote in the *Times:* "By the end of next month it will be clear whether hemlines are on the way up or down or whether women of the world will be back in pants the way they were a decade ago." ■



Biagiotti's lounge wear

Melvin Edwards' *Homage to the Poet Léon Gontran Damas*, 1978

Going Back to Africa—as Visitors

At New York City's P.S. 1, a show of Afro-American art

The exhibition of "Afro-American Abstraction," being held in the "alternative space" of a rehabilitated New York City school building called P.S. 1, is a modest sort of landmark. It has been some years since any New York museum paid much attention to what black artists were doing. There was a flurry of group shows in the late '60s and early '70s, and then the subject was all but dropped. A few of the artists in the diverse P.S. 1 show are fairly well known through private galleries in Manhattan. Others are not. Though small, the sample is illuminating.

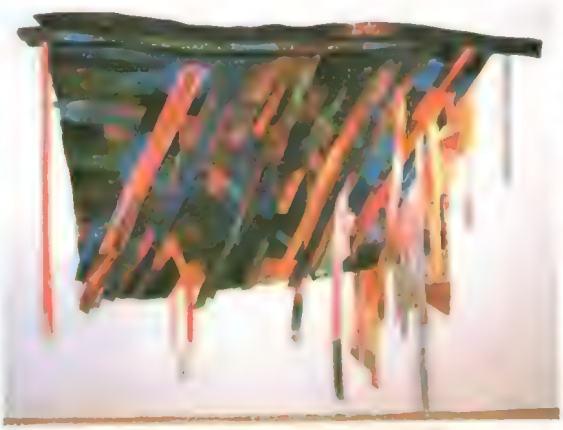
The first point to be made about this show is, perhaps, obvious. It is not an exhibition of "ethnic" art. The traditions that have shaped the work in it are Western modernist above anything else. Welded steel plates, junk assemblage, dyed and sewed canvas, scattered installation pieces on the floor—all this is common and current language. All the artists are children of MOMA; most are under 40. There are many references to African tribal art, but they tend to be formal and oblique. What one does not see is the same kind of quotation that artists, generally white, have taken from Africa (or their idea of Africa) since Picasso started using Bakota grave figures in his pre-cubist paintings. Picasso treated African art as raw material and cared nothing about its tribal contexts or religious meanings. As far as he, Matisse and Braque were concerned, it was made by savages: the masks and carvings were emblems of ferocity, a thrilling rupture in the smooth field of French figure painting. Seventy years later, for an artist to use African art in that way could only be racist condescension, or airport art, or both. So the problem for an artist who wants to connect his or her sense of black identity with the legacy of modernism, and do so while referring to Africa, is how to back into African imagery by allusion, metaphor, abstraction, any way except by direct quotation. In art, no American can return to Africa, except as a visitor. That is what a number of the 19 artists represented in the show have done.

The curator, Art Critic April Kingsley, lists a number of "African" traits she detects in the work: "A bold physicality, rhythmical vitality and textural richness, as well as a tendency to use linear, geometric imagery and high-energy color. The work is active, not withdrawn, robust not tentative." These are also the marks of much European and nonblack American art, and this points to the difficulty of locating the work in an African matrix. On the one hand, one can be sure what the sculptor Martin Puryear is about with a subtly irregular circle of dark bent wood, some four feet in diameter, a minimal serpent with a knob for a head: this handsome and assured object is like a blowup of a tribal bracelet, but with more sculptural presence. On the other, one of the best pieces in the show is Alvin Loving's wall hanging of sewed, dyed canvas, *Shades of 73: Composition for 1980*, whose variegated strips are like a moody, floral version of a constructivist motif and seem to make no perceptible reference to Africa at all.

Sometimes a very interesting synthesis emerges. Melvin Edwards' small sculptures, made of scrap iron forged and welded together, have a strongly totemic flavor. They allude to the once common practice of *bricolage* in West African tribal art, whereby mixed scraps of junk (nails, tin, cartridge cases and so forth) were incorporated into carved masks and figures. Junk sculpture has also been a Western convention for decades, but Edwards invests it with a rough, sinewy power, and his larger piece in the show, *Homage to the Poet Léon Gontran Damas*, 1978, has an almost majestic aura of open declamation. More delicate and complex in feeling is Howardena Pindell's large, irregular patch of canvas, covered with a silvery-pink crust of paint, sequins, confetti and dye, in whose nacreous surface also appears a slow twinkling of glitter. Entitled *December 31, 1980: Brazil: Feast Day of Iemanjá*, it refers to the goddess of salt water in the Brazilian macumba cult, whose votaries send out little silver-painted boats laden with flowers, perfumed soap and mirrors as offerings (if they sink, Iemanjá has accepted the prayer). Pindell has given her own offering to this tropical Venus a mild air of reverence.

The most mysterious piece in the show (and the least reproducible) is *Victory Over Sin*, 1980, a room designed by West Coast Artist David Hammons. What one sees, by the light of a yellowish ceiling lamp, is three gray walls covered with a repeated motif of two kidney shapes, each with a pair of fuzzy black dots, which, on close inspection, turn out to be human hair. The floor has sprouted barely visible wands and reeds, no higher than low marsh grass, each painted in bands of primary color and adorned with more of the same hair. A burial site? A metaphor of landscape? Hard to be sure, but the room conveys the sort of obsessive intensity that signals the presence of a real talent.

— **Robert Hughes**



Alvin Loving's *Shades of '73: Composition for 1980*

How to back into African imagery by allusion and metaphor.

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Books

Infidel in the Wilderness

THE LAST NOMAD *by Wilfred Thesiger; Dutton; 304 pages; $24.95*

Readers inclined toward traveling heroes may recall the passage in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* where Correspondent William Boot outfits himself for assignment in barbarous Ishmaelia: his kit included a "rather overfurnished tent, three months' rations, a collapsible canoe, a jointed flagstaff and Union Jack, a hand pump and sterilizing plant, an astrolabe, six suits of tropical linen and a sou'wester, a camp operating table and set of surgical instruments, a portable humidor, guaranteed to preserve cigars in condition in the Red Sea, and a Christmas hamper complete with Santa Claus costume and a tripod mistletoe stand, and a cane for whacking snakes."

Waugh's satire would not be lost on Wilfred Thesiger, who wandered through some of the world's most hostile wastes for nearly 50 years with little more than the native garb on his back, some medicines, a few books, a camera and a rifle. Thesiger, now almost 70 and based in Kenya, is the last of the exotic British adventurer-writers whose exclusive number included Sir Richard Burton and T.E. Lawrence. These chameleons assumed the language, dress and habits of their tribal hosts for deeply emotional as well as practical reasons. "Like many English travelers," Thesiger confesses, "I find it difficult to live for long periods with my own kind."

There have been many explanations for this familiar complaint, among them the stifling class lines and Victorian morality that caused some of the Queen's subjects to seek freedom in the backwaters of the Empire. This was not entirely the case with Thesiger. Born in Addis Ababa, eldest son of Britain's Minister to Ethiopia, his formative memories were of camels, tents, festooned warriors and "sitting beside my father in the twilight above a gorge, hoping he would get a shot at a leopard." At age seven, Thesiger accompanied his father to Somaliland, where the British were fighting dervishes under the command of the Mad Mullah. A few weeks later the boy was watching shells burst over the Turkish lines in the Yemen.

The next ten years were spent in exile in England. At a Sussex boarding school he was taunted for his social lapses and called a liar by classmates who refused to believe his tales of Africa and the Middle East. All through Eton and Oxford, Thesiger dreamed of returning to the scenes of his childhood. A break came in 1930 when Emperor Haile Selassie invited him to attend his coronation in Addis Ababa. After ten days of festivities, the impatient guest slipped off on his first caravan. It took him through the unadministered territory of the Danakil. "Slender figures in short loincloths, their mops of hair dressed with melted butter, they had open, attractive faces, but each of them wore across his stomach a large, curved dagger from which hung leather thongs, one for each man that he had killed and castrated."

A Kandari caravan in Afghanistan; below, Thesiger in typical Arab dress

Excerpt

"On previous journeys I had commanded respect as an Englishman, and in the Sudan I had the prestige of being a Government official. These Bedu had never heard of the English. All Europeans were known to them collectively as Christians, or more commonly as Infidels. They were prepared to tolerate my presence as a welcome source of revenue, but they never doubted my inferiority. They were Muslims and Bedu. I was neither. Anxious to prove their equal, I wanted no concessions and was irritated when pressed to ride while they still walked, or when they suggested I was thirsty and needed a drink."

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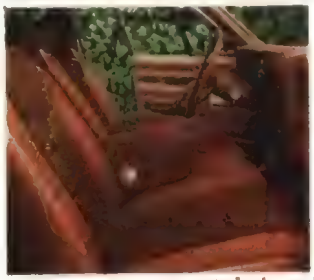

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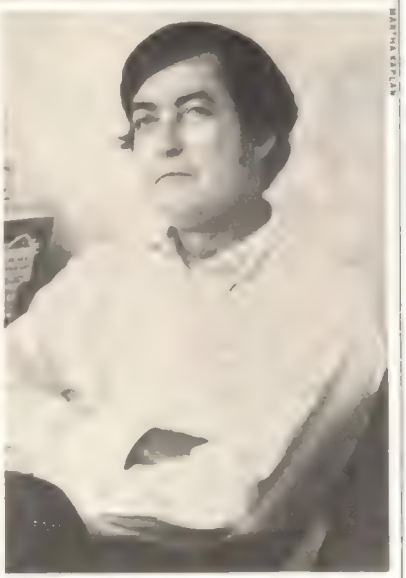
Books

Danger and hardship are the hallmarks of a successful Thesiger trek. A near starvation diet, meager sips of water tasting of camel urine, and lots of silence were all he seemed to need. Time and again he sought remote areas of the Muslim world where "it is as meritorious to kill a Christian as to go on the pilgrimage." He traveled under various auspices: in the Sudan Political Service, and as a locust-control officer and a soldier during World War II serving in Ethiopia, Syria, Egypt and Palestine.

From 1945 to 1950, Thesiger lived for long periods among the Bedu (Bedouins) of the Arabian Peninsula. "I was," he writes, "humbled by my illiterate companions, who possessed in so much greater measure generosity, courage, endurance, patience, good temper and lighthearted gallantry. Among no other people have I felt the same sense of personal inferiority." He also shared the soggy life of the Madan, Shia Muslims who inhabit the reedy swamps of southeastern Iraq. His two books about these experiences have become contemporary classics: *Arabian Sands* (1959) and *The Marsh Arabs* (1964).

The Last Nomad recaps these earlier works in text and photos, and then pushes on into Persia, Kurdistan, Afghanistan, the mountains of the Hindu Kush and the rocky heights of the Yemen. After 20 years, Thesiger's words and photographs maintain a clarity and freshness rarely found in books of this type. Everything is confronted directly and, though there is sameness, there are no clichés. There is even an occasional touch of Kipling in his prose: "Above the village the scant ruins of a castle sat on a fang of rock, accessible only by a precarious path above a 200 foot drop. From this seemingly impregnable stronghold Hassan-i-Sabbah, the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' had ruled ... and his successors had sat like spiders at the center of their web, for 170 years until Hulagu and his Mongols stormed over the pass."

The sand has run out for these lost worlds. In Yemen during the late '60s, Thesiger watches as the medieval mountain fortresses of royalist chieftains are turned into rubble by Nasser's air force. In 1977 he returns to Arabia to find desert life transformed by oil. There are cities where tents once stood, motorcycle tracks instead of the hoofprints of camels, Arab schoolboys in flared trousers, and Bedu complaining that they are not getting enough government handouts. Thesiger is angered and dispirited by this seduction. His own independence and asceticism appear intact, and the only wear and tear he admits to is in his knees. "Apparently I had worn them out," he says, noting that the cartilages were removed some years ago. There were a lot of rough and remarkable miles on that single pair ofshocks. — ***R.Z. Sheppard***



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Knopf; 225 pages; $9.95

He does not wring confessions out of witnesses or win acquittals for innocent clients. He never affects tailored suits or dour expressions. There is no need for him to impress his clients. The people who come for help are usually guilty as charged. What they need is not style, but help. And that is exactly what they get from Jeremiah Francis Kennedy, whose wife refers to him as "the classiest sleazy criminal lawyer in Boston."

Fiction is full of lawyers, from Louis Auchincloss's glossy barristers to the spoon-bread counselors of William Faulkner and Harper Lee. But none of them seems as recognizable—or amiable—as the hero of George V. Higgins' latest novel. Moreover, if Kennedy's clients are criminals, they are also Higgins' liveliest creations. Take Cadillac Teddy, a professional car thief who specializes in Cadillacs. "Your Porsche, your Corvette, your Jaguar, your Mercedes, I can get you them, but I'm not used to them, you know?" His current complaint: a state trooper has eaten his driver's license. Or an aristocratic homosexual cruiser who solicits a cop. Or a kid so simple that he sets himself up for a drug rap. Kennedy's friends and co-workers are equally indelible: a colleague with whom he shares an addiction to the Red Sox, a gabby investigator named Bad Eye Mulvey, and a weary cop who specializes in the genealogy of sin.

Kennedy for the Defense is an account of the events that take place while the lawyer attempts a holiday with his wife and teen-age daughter, dubbed Saigon be-

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cause it was her timely birth that kept the attorney from being sent there. *Kennedy* is a variegated yarn of third-rate perpetrators, second-class citizens and first-person encounters. But it works. Under the author's increasingly deft touch, events blend like coffee and Irish whisky, and conversations ring as true as coins on a mahogany bar.

Let the record show that the book does not provide the neatest of plots. But its tangled cast is instantly credible and permanently delightful. From the opening wisecrack, Kennedy and his world seem so real that when, at novel's end, the lawyer finally relaxes on the "Irish Riviera," readers may feel a slight sense of resentment. The fault is Higgins' for providing so much merriment in so brief a space. His readers should demand the same treatment as Kennedy's crooked clients: after all, one good term deserves another. — ***Peter Stoler***

■ ■ ■

"I suppose there is quite a lot of me in Kennedy," concedes George Vincent Higgins, 40. "Particularly in his commitment to his family and his general attitude toward the law."

That attitude is pure, unblinking realism. Higgins' exposure to justice began with a stint as a court reporter for the Associated Press, developed through law school and appointments as a Massachusetts assistant attorney general and an Assistant U.S. Attorney, and continues in the criminal-law practice he has maintained in Boston since 1973. "The hardest thing in this business is to explain just what you can and can't do for a client," he says. "There is a good reason why 85% to 90% of all criminal cases brought by a competent prosecutor end up in defense pleas; *nobody* can win them."

Higgins, like Kennedy, does not even try. Acknowledging that more than one of his clients has had "a record that RCA Victor would have envied," he measures success by the ability to keep clients on the right side of the bars. "It's frustrating," he admits, "and I don't handle frustration very well. If I have my IBM Selectric and a box of white paper I can accomplish something between sunrise and nightfall."

Higgins has accomplished quite a lot. Since the classic *Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1972), he has written seven books, most with the same Boston Irish locale and personae. Recognition has enabled Higgins to indulge a recently acquired love of the sea: he plans to spend this summer living aboard his 37-ft. ketch *Litigator* with his wife of eight months, Loretta, and two children by his first marriage.

But like Kennedy, he is unlikely to escape frustration: Higgins is hopelessly hooked on the local baseball team. "The Red Sox are a religion," he concludes. "Every year we re-enact the agony and the temptation in the Garden. Baseball child's play? Hell, up here in Boston it's a passion play."

Devil's Due

FREDDY'S BOOK
by John Gardner
Knopf; 246 pages; $10

No novel was ever harmed by an irresistible beginning. *Freddy's Book*, Author John Gardner's eighth novel, is a case in point. While riding the lecture circuit in the Midwest, Professor Jack Winesap meets a strange old historian with a stranger pronouncement: "I have a son who's a monster." Winesap accepts an invitation to the man's house, arrives at an isolated and crumbling old estate during a blizzard, and is promptly snowed in for the night. After some suspenseful dawdling, the host allows his guest to visit Freddy, a young man who stands some 8 ft. tall. The bars on the windows of his room and the locks on his door have been put there by Freddy. They keep a hostile, jeering world at bay, allowing the giant to bury himself in books and solitude, preventing intrusions from the outside that have, in the past, provoked him to tantrums of awesome violence. As Winesap settles down for the night in a frigid guest bedroom, he hears heavy footsteps approaching his door.

John Gardner

Vast new avenues for greed and war.

And that is the end of the irresistible beginning. Freddy's mission is not to tear Winesap limb from limb or to discuss how it feels to be taken for a monster. Rather, he drops a bulky manuscript of his own composition inside the room and stomps off. The rest of *Freddy's Book* is just that: Freddy's book. Gardner has used the device of a novel within a novel before, most successfully in his widely praised *October Light* (1976), but this time he refuses to provide the other half of the framing tale: Winesap, Freddy, his father and all the complications suggested by their meeting simply disappear.

Thwarted expectations make for grumpy readers, and Freddy's manuscript, a rather dry narrative of political intrigue in 16th century Scandinavia, does not seem calculated to appease them. The chief antagonists to emerge from much torchlit huggermugger are Lars-Goren, an idealistic Swedish knight, and the Devil, who decides to help Lars-Goren's kinsman Gustav overthrow the occupying Danes and become King of Sweden. Satan's motive is chiefly to perpetuate unrest and chaos. History, after all, has been running on his side: "Magellan had recently circled the globe, opening vast new avenues for greed and war. Europe had more mad kings than sane, and the Devil had both the One True Church and the infant Protestant Revolution in the palm of his hand. In Germany, the very ideas that had filled him with alarm, when they'd broken out in Wittenberg, were now the occasion of such dissension and slaughter that it was a mystery to the Devil that he hadn't introduced them himself."

Hence Lars-Goren's dilemma: how to work for a presumed good (the liberation of his homeland) while being energetically assisted by the archetype of evil. This problem leads to further questions, most of them posed by Bishop Brask, an unscrupulous and despairing Swedish prelate. Could it be that "everything's the work of the Devil"? What if "God himself is a Devil's lie"? Is the term might makes right *"profoundly* true? Suppose that there is in fact no good in the world except *that which survives."* How is it possible to act according to the "commandments of a god who had not spoken to anyone sane for 15 centuries"?

Such disputations form the meat of this story as well as the skeleton; Gardner consistently emphasizes ideas over incidents, ethics over events. Yet he does so without becoming preachy. His medieval characters must live and act in a world as theologically muddled as the present; the difference between them and the people encountered in much contemporary fiction is that they believe the labyrinth of morality will yield the proper path of behavior. *Freddy's Book* does not quite find that way; it tells too little while arguing too much. Yet its failure to satisfy is almost offset by its power to disturb. — ***Paul Gray***

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Cinema

SCHAPIRO—SYGMA

Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal at summer camp in *Little Darlings*

Growing Up

LITTLE DARLINGS
Directed by Ronald F. Maxwell
Screenplay by Kimi Peck
and Dalene Young

Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal, the stars of *Little Darlings*, have been among the best child actors of their generation, but now they are growing up. Like the Shirley Temples and Margaret O'Briens before them, they have a difficult passage ahead. For some child actors, aging can be a positive process: youthful skills blossom into full-fledged creative maturity. Others are not so fortunate. Aging can also rob child actors of their spontaneity and innocence; yesterday's young performers can all too easily become the mannered actors of tomorrow.

By appearing together in this comedy about sexual discovery at summer camp, McNichol and O'Neal demand that audiences compare them. Both actresses are at a transition point, just past their mid-teens, and both have well-tailored parts. McNichol plays a tomboy on the brink of womanhood—a character patterned after her role of Buddy on TV's *Family*. O'Neal is a precocious rich girl who seems designed to resemble her public persona as Ryan's daughter. In different ways, each performance is fascinating. McNichol, who has had little big-screen experience *(The End)*, proves to be an instinctive movie star. She not only takes charge of all her scenes, but she also moves between comedy, anger and hurt without jarring shifts. Her work seems as effortless now as it did during her formative years. O'Neal, though far from terrible, is in an unfortunate quandary. While she is beautiful and at times appealing, she works too hard. When she means to be winsome, her forced smile contorts her face; when she is sad, she pouts. Worse, her increasingly high-pitched voice has little emotional range. Unlike McNichol, she is going to have to study the craft of acting to preserve the promise of her early films.

Both girls deserve a better vehicle than *Little Darlings*. The film has an amusing premise: the two heroines race to see who can lose her virginity first. But Director Ronald F. Maxwell, who has done superior TV work (PBS's *Verna: U.S.O. Girl*), settles for slogging his way through a threadbare script. Writers Kimi Peck and Dalene Young do not know how to sustain their story beyond the initial exposition, and they are not much better at writing characters. The two teenagers' love interests (Armand Assante and Matt Dillon) are such bland hunks that the stars must play the romantic scenes in a near vacuum. Most of the campers are stereotypes out of *Meatballs* and even lesser kiddies' fictions.

The film's tone is confused and predictable: lame slapstick gags (including the inevitable food fight), sentimental bromides about love, and deadly serious (if inexplicit) sex scenes are thrown together without transitions. Even the heroines' slowly developing friendship is sketchily written; it seems to happen off-screen. While McNichol and O'Neal always command attention, the drama they create has less to do with *Little Darlings* than with the intriguing vicissitudes of show business careers.

— ***Frank Rich***

Cop Song

THE BLACK MARBLE
Directed by Harold Becker
Screenplay by Joseph Wambaugh

A police station is not the first place anyone would go to look for a little romance, but audiences willing to put up with Writer Wambaugh's customary cop grunginess will find in *The Black Marble* a sweetly eccentric love story.

Sergeant A.M. Valnikov (Robert Foxworth) is of Russian descent, and so, perhaps, comes by his chronic melancholia naturally. A recent divorce and—it is gradually revealed—his investigations of a particularly ugly series of child murders have done nothing to lighten his mood. He is in fact drinking his way into early retirement. Sergeant Natalie Zimmerman (Paula Prentiss) is a brisk, no-nonsense sort of woman, very proud of the fact that she has finally got her life perfectly organized. She keeps protesting her assignment as Valnikov's partner, though everyone (except perhaps Valnikov) understands that she is the last hope of getting him back in shape. In this situation true love cannot be far behind.

The case that provides the opportunity for opposites to attract is the dognaping of a champion schnauzer by a trainer (Harry Dean Stanton) with a bad gambling debt to pay off. The victim, besides the hound, is a poor little rich girl (Barbara Babcock), who regards the pooch as the only good thing in her life. The crime is just ludicrous enough to penetrate Valnikov's self-absorption. Besides, he is a pet lover himself (he has a parakeet and a gerbil). Galvanized, he begins to notice Natalie and then to woo her with Russian vodka and folk songs, notably one about nightingales singing in the raspberry bushes. Then he manages to rescue the dog and save Natalie from marriage to a careerist cop, who obviously does not waste time on stolen dogs or singing birds.

Director Becker sometimes permits Wambaugh's penchant for psychological overexplanation and realistic background to jostle aside the film's essentially comic spirit. Most of the time, though, characters and situations are permitted to develop their own odd and ultimately catchy rhythms. There is no slickness to the movie. Prentiss is sharp without being abrasive, sweet without being sticky. Foxworth offers a daringly understated performance. He attracts attention and then affection through the kind of patience and politesse that one rarely encounters these days in actors playing lead roles. His work alone would make *The Black Marble* worth seeing, but there is an endearing goofiness about the whole enterprise that is commendable and cheering.

— ***Richard Schickel***

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